

APR. 28, 1947

New Republic



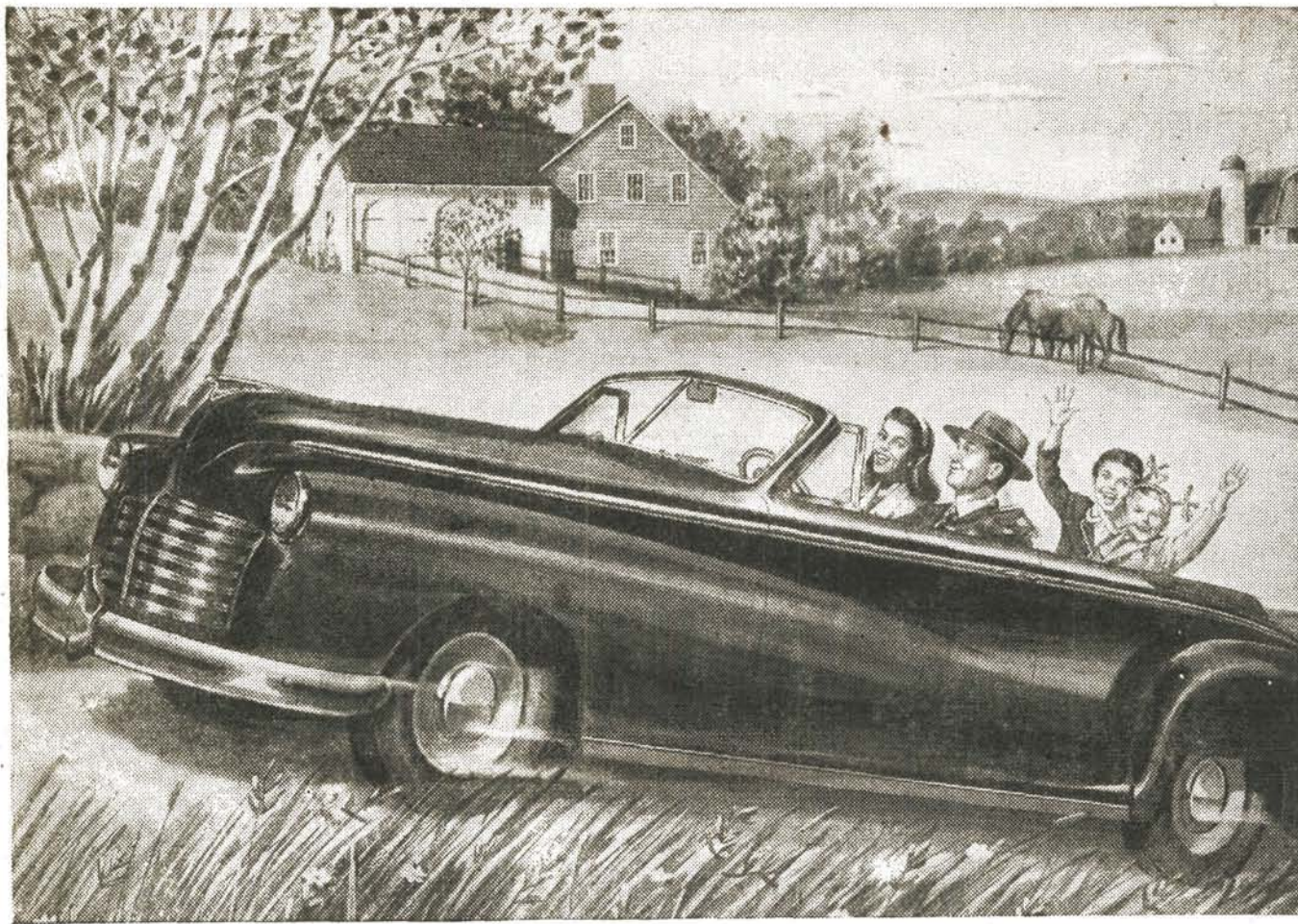
Wallace

Reports

from

Abroad

15 CENTS



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Letter of the Week

"Wallace Shook 'Em"

The author of the following communication, Michael Foot, is a British journalist who, since 1945, has been a Labor Party Member of Parliament. This article appeared originally in the London Daily Herald. World Copyright Reserved.

IT WAS high time we gave ourselves a good shaking and began to recognize that we have big assets on our side as well as big obstacles to overcome.

During the past few days that new mood has been at work throughout the land; thanks, I should say, to the sunshine, the miners and Henry Wallace.

Wallace's broadcast on Sunday night was worth a week of sunshine or half a million tons of coal. It was a real fighting speech. It showed us the way the radio ought to be used.

I can imagine what fury must have been caused in Tory households when they heard Wallace exposing those patriotic exiles who have spent their time and our dollars denouncing or gently denigrating the Labor Government on the other side of the Atlantic. Here was the BBC actually letting blunt, down-right argument on the major issues of the day pour forth on the world at 9:15 p.m. on a Sunday evening. . . .

If Private Citizen Henry Wallace can achieve such an effect with one broadcast, is it not clear that we should revise all our ideas about the use of the radio? It need not be what it mostly is today—a droning soporific, a skillful contrivance for reducing all controversy to the level of platitudes. Let us (and our leaders) note also that Henry Wallace did not imagine that because he was talking for the BBC he must therefore discard his party affiliations and his own political principles. . . .

I GUARANTEE that Henry Wallace started more arguments and excited more interest in issues of foreign policy than any broadcast speech for months past. That is the effect all broadcasts by party leaders ought to have.

But Wallace's triumph was not only
(Continued on page 47)

Operation Politics



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New Republic



News in Focus

Pattern

Labor

IN Pittsburgh, where US labor-management relations were being worked out this week at the operations level, the real pattern which emerged was an evident desire by both sides of Big Steel to come to an agreement on 1947 wages without strife.

A new contract between Philip Murray's United Steelworkers and US Steel, which had been in negotiation since January, was agreed upon 10 days before the current contract was due to expire. The deal was the "15-cent package" on which the United Electrical Workers last week settled with General Motors and Westinghouse. The contents of the package might be allocated differently in steel, but the weight and substance were the same.

More than that, it would be approximately the same for the rest of American mass industry. With the CIO settlements in steel and electrical plants, agreement in the auto industry could not be far behind—United Automobile Workers President Walter Reuther's rejection of GM's 15-cent offer to the contrary, notwithstanding.

At Murray's Pittsburgh headquarters, Reuther's declaration that the GM offer was "not satisfactory" was not taken too seriously. He was obviously trying to get a little more from a company which had bumped its offer from zero to 10 cents to 15 cents in two weeks. If Reuther got more, it would be in fringe issues—insurance, welfare or vacations. For 15 cents looked like 1947's pattern. No company would reasonably expect now to get away with paying much less; no union would advisedly strike for more.

Strike was a word scarcely heard around the CIO policy meetings in

Pittsburgh. Union leaders willing to take on a fight knew that their men must be psychologically conditioned for the struggle some weeks in advance of zero hour. That meant steaming up in the plants, pep talks, leaflets, circulars, stickers and dire prophecies dished out to engross the press and public. There had been none of that in either Detroit or Pittsburgh.

There were many reasons why the CIO wanted no strikes. The prospect of punitive labor legislation was only one. The others were that the federal administration would probably join in the opposition to a strike for too generous a wage increase; that the public would be all on the other side in a battle over a couple of cents' difference; and, finally, that the workers have no fat. Pittsburgh steel-mill hands count their change outside the company commissary before going in to lunch. This might mean that the union members needed more money, but it also meant that they had no money to sustain them in a long walkout.

With all the cards seemingly against labor's striking, why was industry settling so easily? The answer possibly was that the first-quarter reports for many major US companies were due this week. The profit figures were likely to be so high that no concern could publish them at the same time it was denying a wage boost. Industry preferred to take a mild spanking before the report card was issued lest the old man really take down the razor strap when he found out the whole truth.

Monkey Wrench

Congress

THE chief to most of the nation's industrial unrest was the imbalance between wages and prices. US labor and management seemed to be striding toward a readjusted national wage pattern (see above) faster than the Administration was groping toward lower prices (see below). The Republican Congress, in the midst of these delicate repairs, was busily hacking out legislation last week which, in the phrase of Senator Robert Wagner (D, N. Y.), would "undermine the forces which could help to raise the purchasing power of the people at the very time when business itself is becoming alarmed by the inordinate profits it is reaping."

The House completed action on its Hartley bill, an overflowing fulfillment of Republican campaign promises to "get labor." The vote, a thumping 308 to 107, was more than enough to override a presidential veto. Democratic Party discipline, however, had been good: of the 93 Democrats who voted for the bill, all but five were from the South.

The Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee voted out (11 to two) a labor bill much whittled down from the

Small Story

Large headline, page 1, New York Times, March 30—"US Radio to Russia Sabotaged; South America Got Broadcasts." *Small story, page 63, Times, April 20*—"A mistakenly set control switch—not sabotage—was responsible for beaming US broadcasts intended for the Soviet Union to South America."

Large headline, page 4, New York Times, April 19—"Britain Near Ruin, Churchill Warns . . . Alludes to Wallace as a 'Crypto-Communist'." *Small story, page 38, Times, April 20*—"Erroneous versions of Winston Churchill's allusions to Henry A. Wallace were published . . . as a result of a faulty summary. . . . Examination of the text . . . showed that he had not alluded to Mr. Wallace as a 'Crypto-Communist.' . . ."

original text proposed by Senator Taft (the NR, April 21). Senator Wayne Morse (R, Ore.), who had joined with Senator Ives (R, N. Y.) in blue-penciling many of the vindictive original points, said that the Senate would pass the committee's final version if it was interested in "constructive legislation" which the President could sign. "If, on the other hand," Senator Morse added, "the Congress wants to pass unfair labor legislation or play politics . . . it will emasculate this bill." This was one man's description of what everyone knew Taft was going to do when the bill came to the floor this week: try to put back in most of the things the committee had knocked out.

April Snowflake

Prices

SO FAR the President's price-reduction snowball was no bigger than an April snowflake. His appeal for voluntary price cuts by business had brought responses from such quarters as the Jewel Tea Company (two to 10 cents per unit of canned goods), Hecht's department store in Washington (\$6 less on \$22.95 rayon-crepe dresses) and the Gillespie Varnish Company of Jersey City, New Jersey (cuts as large as 25 percent). That was hardly enough to start the downward slide Truman had envisioned to ease the cost of living.

His Secretary of the Treasury, John Snyder, kept a stiff upper lip telling his press conference that "evidences" of price cuts by large manufacturers "may begin to appear" momentarily. But other voices were not so sanguine. One of them, Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors, declared that with a new national wage pattern (see above), "it is inescapable that there must be faced further increases in prices, spread . . . throughout the economy as a whole."

The price tide, which the President was trying to stem by exhortation, reached a new high when the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that its cost-of-living index on March 15 had risen to an all-time peak, two percent higher than in mid-December and more than 58 percent above August, 1939.

Those were figures which Senate Republican Leader Robert A. Taft (R,

Ohio) did not like. Testily he insisted that living costs had "hardly increased at all during the last four months," but strangely enough, in the light of his denial, he called his Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report into executive session for its first serious business in many months.

For GOP leaders the dilemma was: how to meet the price issue without changing their low-wage, low-tax stand? And what, if the President persisted in talking publicly, were the Republicans to say about the matter?

Out of the Joint Committee's deliberations came the cautious decision, first, to poll business and labor groups for their opinions on how to prevent boom-and-bust cycles and, second, to conduct hearings at which such latter-day price-cutters as Fowler McCormick of International Harvester and Henry Ford II would be asked to tell other businessmen how they had managed. Then finally perhaps, and only perhaps, the Joint Committee would give Congress a

report recommending action, if action were still possible at that late date.

The Democrats were at least more practical about the situation, even though they, too, had no panacea. The National Committeemen from New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Connecticut (in Washington for one of the party's weekly "Truman Clinics") told the President that the '48 presidential election would be decided largely by the cost of living. And furthermore, they warned, the country would be likely to hold a Democratic administration responsible even though Congress is Republican.

For Harry Truman, already under heavy pressure to take action to head off a depression, that was not good news. Various labor and consumer groups had been urging him to speak up before all the country with a frank warning of how serious the price situation had become. In New York this week, speaking to newspaper publishers, the President once more deplored the "sharp and



rapid rise in prices." Said Harry Truman: "Private enterprise must display the leadership to make our free economy work by arresting this trend." But the White House was suggesting no way out of the nation's economic dilemma except by incantation.

Bad Shape

Housing

HOUSING Expediter Frank Creedon dumped the biggest load of grief of all on the President's lap. The building program which had been counted on as a chief spark to the rest of the economy was in very bad shape, he told Truman. New residential construction in the first three months of this year was 20 percent under what had been estimated. And the number of houses that would actually get under way this year would come closer to 750,000 than to the million he was supposed to deliver.

During the month of March, official figures showed only 59,000 housing "starts" of all types. Even in March, 1946, there had been 86,000. Only 43,800 foundations for permanent homes were dug last month as compared with 60,400 during the same month last year. And so far in April there was no sign of a seasonal upward trend.

Almost everyone agreed on the cause: prices were too high. People who wanted houses were not buying or building until prices came down, and shrewd contractors were therefore holding back on building plans until material costs fall far enough to permit whittling sales prices down to the size of the buyers' pocketbooks. Wholesale building-material prices, the latest Bureau of Labor Statistics figures showed, were 95 percent above August, 1939. Materials now cost 25 percent more than they did when those prices were decontrolled last November. Paint products had gone up 20 percent since then, for example, and lumber 46 percent (while lumber-company profits had been reported at 400 percent above normal).

Creedon simply moaned that "there is no need for such a state of affairs" and invoked "home builders and the building trades to consider the implications . . . and to take steps. . . ." President Truman's Economic Advisory

Maid Problem

Illinois

TO a small immigrant army of Puerto Rican girls, Uncle Sam has become just another smooth-talking gent with false Santa Claus whiskers. Credit for the disillusionment goes to the Castle Barton and Associates employment agency of Chicago. The agency imported 362 Puerto Rican girls to work as housemaids in Chicago—under terms that made them little more than indentured servants.

Because of their low-paying jobs, half a dozen of the girls became prostitutes and have been arrested by Chicago vice-squad police. Sixty more are suspected of having entered brothels. Some quit to enter factory work, while others, miserably homesick, maladjusted and ill, returned home. Many are still floating about the city; lonely, desperate, able to speak only a few words of English.

It all started last September when the first batch was flown to Chicago from San Juan. The girls signed a one-year contract after a fancy build-up by Castle Barton and the Puerto Rican Labor Department. The contracts provided: \$60 monthly salary (inexperienced maids get a local minimum of \$80); no specified work hours or days; no free time. Out of the meager monthly wage the agency deducted \$10 until half of the \$250 fee paid by the employer was accumulated.

An additional \$8.33 was clipped off to be held in escrow by the agency until a total of \$100 was reached, for the girl's own use or for fare home at the end of the year.

A group of 60 male Puerto Ricans imported to work in the North Chicago Hardware Foundry Company fared little better. Deductions for room and board, compulsory dependent allotments and employment-agency fees in some cases shriveled their \$34.50-a-week pay checks to as low as 53 cents. The men were housed in unheated railway cars. By last week only 13 of the original 60 foundrymen were still at their jobs.

The bewildered Puerto Ricans are not entirely friendless. A group of University of Chicago students, led by Muna Munoz Lee, daughter of the president of the Puerto Rican Senate, took up the cudgels. Girls and men were interviewed, a report was issued describing the long hours, substandard wages, excessively hard work and lack of warm clothes.

Meanwhile, Castle Barton, aware that it was manufacturing a "displaced-persons" problem, halted its imports temporarily, then announced a new program. More Puerto Ricans would be brought to Chicago, but with improved contracts and no deductions; the girls would be more carefully "screened."

Council warned him of the construction industry's far-reaching influence on the whole economy—on such industries as steel, glass, ceramics and chemicals right away and others later. The economists warned the President that a sharp construction drop usually portended general economic trouble in the near future.

Last week the *Journal of Commerce* read the signs the same way and said right out loud that: "The business recession is here."

Only One or Two

Foreign Affairs

How far was Congress carrying out the will of the American people in approving the Truman Doctrine? That question was being raised more frequently as the debate on the \$400 million loan to Greece and Turkey moved over to the floor of the House.

In the final stages of Senate discussion New Jersey's Albert W. Hawkes, arch-conservative and one-time president of the Chamber of Commerce of the US, surprised a lot of his colleagues by declaring:

"The people of the United States are just beginning to understand what this is all about. . . . The first two weeks after the President made his address, my mail was four or five to one in favor of the Greek-Turkish loan. Today, my mail is running four or five to one just the other way. . . . Everyone who begins to understand the implications of the proposal says 'No; we should not circumvent the UN, and we do not want to get into war.'"

Glen Taylor, liberal Idaho Democrat, whose views are an anathema to Republican Hawkes, cited the 63 percent who gave an affirmative answer to the Gallup Poll question: Do you think the prob-



Copyright Chicago Times

Iem of aid to Greece and Turkey should be turned over to the United Nations organization? Taylor challenged the assumption of the poll editors that the Vandenberg amendment to the loan bill (which would permit the UN Security Council or General Assembly to halt the program by majority vote) satisfied these doubts.

Senator Vandenberg himself cautiously explained that "the President's message defined what is being done in terms of a doctrine, a little more definitely than I interpret the situation. . . . To me it is a plan; it is part of a pattern, and, as such, is to be distinguished from a policy." In refusing to discuss the implications involved "the day after tomorrow," Vandenberg left in abeyance the awkward issue of whether the Truman Doctrine would eventually lead to war.

Arthur Krock, chief Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, conceded that "in numerous conversations with members, this correspondent has discovered only one or two who truly subscribe in the context of the Greek-Turkish bill to the President's own definition of his doctrine. . . . Many members of Congress are about to vote for this bill as a combination of power politics and military forehandedness. . . ."

The overwhelming line-up on the bill seemed to reflect the feeling in Washington that the American people would not stand for a concrete expression of

the admitted congressional misgivings about the Truman Doctrine. The will of the people, in turn, had been buffeted and shocked by the crisis spirit in Washington. Historians might remark the odd circumstances under which the Truman Doctrine, like the weather, had prompted so many private complaints and so little overt opposition.

Why?

Disaster

TEXAS CITY'S 15,000 people were eating dinner, getting ready for the movies, taking an evening drive, listening to the radio the night James Gavin got up to speak at a National Maritime Union meeting in New York. But no broadcast carried the NMU agent's words. There were no reporters on hand to hear what he had to say.

Gavin's talk sounded more like a gripe than a prophecy. He said, among other things, that he didn't like the looks of a Gulf port named Texas City, where inadequate safety precautions made the harbor a "natural" for a major explosion disaster. Then he sat down.

Less than 36 hours later, the French liberty ship *Grandcamp*, loaded with dangerous ammonium nitrate, caught fire in its dock at Texas City. Crewmen moved into the hold to fight the flames with live steam. A crowd of 500 persons gathered to watch from the wharf. After an hour, the ship cast off to get into the channel. Twelve minutes later the vessel vanished in an explosion that was heard 160 miles away.

The blast started a series of others, which in rocking, fiery progression scrambled fire, steel and human bodies together until the smoking port was choked with at least 400 dead and 2,000 injured. The wreckage of property, estimated as high as \$100 million in value, included the \$20 million Monsanto Chemical plant covering 30 acres, three oil-tank farms, the dock areas, and the homes of a majority of 1,200 workers living on the water front. Another ship, the *High Flyer*, blew up the day after the *Grandcamp*. A third vessel, the *Wilson Keene*, broke in half. The final explosion—an oil tank—took place 18 hours after the start of the disaster. At the end of the week the dazed popula-

tion of Texas City was still looking for additional dead and trying to figure out what had happened.

A stunned US public, bewildered by conflicting stories on the catastrophe, began to ask the inevitable questions. What caused the *Grandcamp* explosion? What was done to protect people in the vicinity? What were the safety precautions in the port for ships carrying explosive cargoes? Could the terrible aftermath of the *Grandcamp* explosion have been prevented? The answers awaited conclusion of Coast Guard and federal inquiries into the tragedy. A few facts were already known:

❶ The *Grandcamp* loaded its dangerous ammonium-nitrate cargo at wharf-side, where it was a constant threat to the community, instead of loading in the channel.

❷ Although the *Grandcamp* was afire nearly an hour before it exploded, port authorities made no effective attempt to warn persons away from the scene of the fire or to evacuate them from threatened areas.

❸ The *Grandcamp* did not attempt to move away from the wharf until three-quarters of an hour after the fire started.

❹ No effort was made, either before or after the *Grandcamp* blew up, to move the *Wilson Keene* or the *High Flyer* out of their docks to a safer area.

While the public stood by for more evidence, W. Lee ("Pass the Biscuits, Pappy") O'Daniel, the junior US Senator from Texas, had his own private suspicions:

"In view of the high tension in international affairs and due to a rather large number of fires, explosions, railroad wrecks and other disastrous occurrences in this nation lately, all so nearly resembling disastrous occurrences which preceded our entry into the last war, due largely to Communistic underground activity, I believe it is the duty of the Senate to conduct a full and complete investigation."

No Solace

Haifa

IN THE early morning of April 16, Mrs. Helen Friedman of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, awoke in her hotel room

in Haifa, Palestine. There was a soundless ringing in her ears like the echo of a fire bell. And while she listened, the pale curtain at the window bellied into a fist and fell back listlessly against the wall. Then up from the street an army loudspeaker blasted the words in Hebrew: "Hello, hello. Curfew until further notice."

In this way, as the British truck rolled over the cobblestones into the distance, Mrs. Friedman guessed, correctly, the death of her brother: Dov Bela Gruner, 33, four and one-half years a British soldier, hanged before dawn at Acre Prison as a Jewish terrorist.

Gruner was arrested a year ago when he was found lying in a ditch, part of his jaw shot away, after a terrorist attack on a police station in which one Arab was killed. His presence at the scene was the only evidence offered against him. He refused to testify in his own behalf and was sentenced to death on January 1.

The execution was secret and carried out without warning to his parents and relatives. Richard Mowrer of the Overseas News Agency wrote that Gruner "was not accorded last rites, a solace not denied even the Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg."

Still No Answer

Communications

AS THE telephone strike entered its third week, the National Federation of Telephone Workers sought to counteract the Bell System's lavish advertising campaign by sending to President Truman an eight-page outline of the issues and progress of the strike. NFTW president Joe Beirne, whose report to the President contained no recommendations for action, admitted: "We do not have the funds to combat the full-page advertisements of the Bell System, but feel that we must use every

Report from Paris

by Michel Gordey

AFTER years of deep distrust and wounded pride toward Roosevelt America, General Charles de Gaulle has now staked his future on the implications of the Truman Doctrine. At Strasbourg, on Easter Sunday, de Gaulle pledged himself to a French-US alliance "against any new threat of tyranny" in the attentive presence of US Ambassador Jefferson Caffery and 20 members of his staff. While watching the military ceremonies commemorating the liberation of the city by French and American forces, the General remarked: "I would rather have the atomic bomb instead of American soldiers taking part in this parade. That would really impress people."

Michel Gordey was formerly US correspondent for the Paris-Press and, during the war, served in the French broadcasting section of the Office of War Information. He is a contributing editor of the Tribune des Nations in Paris.

The newborn Americanism of the General is a significant addendum to President Truman's speech on Greece and Turkey. Close contacts were established last year between de Gaulle and US military circles through General Pierre Billotte, delegate to the UN military Staff Committee. Billotte vainly tried to persuade Foreign Minister Georges Bidault to shift the emphasis of French foreign policy toward the American side of the US-USSR power rivalry. Several de Gaulle emissaries have been to America within the last year to confer with important US businessmen. The latest was de Gaulle's good friend and fervent admirer, Eve Curie.

At home, de Gaulle's political program is likewise based on the fatalism of sharp rivalry, if not open conflict, between the US and the Soviet Union. De Gaulle has called on the French people to rally under his leadership against what he describes as the inefficient, corrupt and paralytical party system of the present constitution. De Gaulle's Rassemblement du Peuple Français (Rally of the French People), whose recruiting offices have already opened, not only challenges the French Left but also the parliamentary-minded MRP, which shares the government coalition with the Communist and Socialist Parties. The General wants a "strong government" in which party strife is abolished.

So far the reaction to de Gaulle's speeches in French political circles has been overwhelmingly adverse: no great political figure has joined the Rassemblement; President Vincent Auriol and Premier Paul Ramadier have both refuted his statements; French Socialists are as violently opposed to the General's return to politics as are the Commun-

ists. Bidault's Catholic Party has spoken critically in more measured terms because of the Gaullist leanings of its right wing.

The Communists attack de Gaulle as a leader of reaction and a potential dictator. More moderate observers point out that during the General's 18 months of unlimited power after the Liberation he had all the powers he is seeking now and, nevertheless, made a mess of French finances, economic reconstruction and foreign policy. He is advocating social measures smelling suspiciously of Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain's idea on labor-management cooperation under state control. Today he is surrounded more than ever before by dissatisfied and beaten politicians—like his two-man brain trust, writer André Malraux and ethnologist Jacques Soustelle. The clique also includes spokesmen for industry (Rassemblement is well financed), former members of de Gaulle's secret service (like Colonel Passy) and anti-Russian personalities in the French foreign service.

IN THE present world situation the existence of the Rassemblement has prompted nervous meetings of opposition in French provincial centers. Rumors fly that arms are being stockpiled by both the Communists and Gaullists. But both sides are afraid of each other and, barring a spectacular break in international developments, de Gaulle will wait long months before taking decisive steps.

What steps would they be? A legal call to Parliament being impossible, what else could be tried except a military coup d'état? This question has been asked by Léon Blum, but no answer has been given either by de Gaulle or by his followers.

means at our command to get the story of our fight with the world's largest monopoly into the hands of as many people as possible."

While the union's funds dwindled and the dial system and supervisory employees kept up adequate service to most subscribers, the dispute reached another deadlock. Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach proposed a settlement which was promptly rejected by both sides—by the company because it contained a method of arbitration by one board on an industrywide basis, and by the union because it did not contain a wage-increase offer.

At the same time, the AT&T's financial report for the first quarter of 1947 showed that the company's always handsome profits were better than ever. Net income for the 12 months ended March 31 was \$193,550,000, or \$9.45 per share of stock (currently quoted at \$163), compared with \$177,773,093, or \$8.89 per share, for the year ended last March.

Beirne told NFW workers in Washington that the strike would last until there could be a "fair and reasonable" settlement, or until the workers were "starved into submission." As Westinghouse and General Motors gave the United Electrical Workers (CIO) wage increases of about \$6 last week (see above), some wondered whether the AT&T, if it broke the NFW, might not be inviting the organization of telephone workers by powerful, unified CIO or AFL unions.

Who Could Guess?

Investigations

WHO could have guessed that a Republican Congress in its first major probe into the Roosevelt era would choose for a target an old GOP favorite, Jesse H. Jones? But that was what was happening as the Senate Banking and Currency Committee delved into relations between the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Jones regime at the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

During initial hearings of the committee, the multimillionaire Texan was charged with using his high government position to cinch control of the B&O

for a group of his associates. In short, the committee wanted to know whether or not the RFC left the government "holding the bag" for some \$80 million on a loan to the B&O.

Answering the rapid, clipped questions of committee chairman Charles W. Tobey (R, N. H.), the witnesses unfolded this story: in 1944, the peak of railroad prosperity, Jones sanctioned the B&O's bankruptcy proceedings, the second in six years. Committee counsel Robert D. L'Heureux said Jones agreed to extend until 1944 an RFC loan of \$85 million due in 1939. In 1944, another bankruptcy—a "deliberately conceived plan on the part of the Jones group"—was declared and approved by the courts. To show the "absurdity" of the second bankruptcy, L'Heureux said that from 1939 to the end of 1945, the B&O had made more than \$110 million in net profits, after all taxes.

L'Heureux was backed up by Cassius M. Clay, former RFC official and former general solicitor for the B&O, who said he resigned from the railroad because the bankruptcy was a "gigantic steal," a "legal frame-up." Less than a year before the B&O advised the RFC it couldn't pay off the loan in 1944, Clay said, the railroad, "with knowledge and consent of Jones," diverted \$31 million of its funds to buying bonds in the market which it could have used in part payment on the government debt. At that time, four of Jones's associates were said to have left the RFC to take lucrative jobs with the B&O, gaining effective control of the railroad.

Under the 1944 reorganization plan, the B&O extended its debt to 1965, Tobey said, despite its ability in recent years to pay off at least a substantial portion of the RFC obligations (testimony showed the railroad had \$51 million in cash as of January, and in 1944 it had enough money to buy back, or cancel, \$100 million worth of its own bonds at 60 cents on the dollar).

The B&O last week rejected RFC chairman John D. Goodloe's request to hold up its refinancing plan pending completion of the committee's investigation. Claiming that charges made before the committee were simply a rehash of those considered previously by the fed-

eral district court, B&O officials said they had been "completely exonerated" of any conspiracy to force the railroad into "fictitious bankruptcy." Senator Tobey said he would invite Jones himself to appear before the committee when additional hearings get under way.

Collier's Award

Congress

FOR "remarkable sanity" in a year of "poisonous political fighting," Representative Jesse Wolcott has won the distinguished congressional service award from *Collier's*.

During the 79th Congress, the stocky Michigan Republican, the magazine said, "appeared unaffected by the fiercest of propaganda bombardments, as he pushed efforts to adapt wartime controls to the changing conditions." (*Collier's* meant that Wolcott had led the fight against the OPA and housing legislation. As ranking minority member of the House Banking Committee, he introduced crippling price-control amendments, which were adopted. Hewing to the line of real-estate lobbyists, he kept the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill from reaching the floor by "filibustering" in committee.)

"In the international field," said *Collier's*, "he was a powerful influence in passing the British loan. . . ." (But on the reciprocal-trade-agreement bill, giving the President power to cut or increase tariffs, Wolcott joined isolationist attempts to send it back to committee.)

"The year 1946 was rough on members of Congress," *Collier's* sympathized. "No one could be certain just what the American people wanted or needed, but it was plain they wanted some kind of change." (Wolcott's interpretation: to vote for the Case anti-labor bill and oppose civilian control of atomic energy; to vote for a permanent Un-American Activities Committee and against federal aid for school-lunch programs.)

Collier's selected ex-Senator Robert LaFollette, defeated in Wisconsin last November, for its other award, saying that he "is entitled to credit for passage of the congressional reorganization plan."

Washington Wire



Home to Roost

WE REPRINT here an advertisement published by the National Association of Manufacturers last June:

If OPA is permanently discontinued, the production of goods will mount rapidly and through free competition prices will quickly adjust themselves to levels that consumers are willing to pay. . . . Supply will quickly catch up with demand. Prices will be fair and reasonable to all. Quality will be improved. . . . Send for a booklet that explains how price controls cause inflation.

Have you sent for that booklet yet?

IT WAS last June, only last June, that the big battle over the OPA was fought. In the 37-month period before that, living costs rose only 6.6 percent; in the past 10 months, since the OPA was junked, living costs have risen 31 percent—as much as they rose in the previous seven years. Senators Taft (R, Ohio) and Wherry (R, Nebr.) led the fight to kill the OPA. Here's what Wherry said on June 12, 1946: "Mr. Bowles has said that if price controls were eliminated, the price of meat would go up 50 percent. Mr. Bowles is trying to scare us. My prediction is that without price control meat will cost less than today."

Meat today is up 60 percent.

It's a pity the United States has no national newspaper in the sense that Britain has the *London Times*. Closest to it is the *New York Times*, the world's finest newspaper in many ways. But the *London Times* is run by a national trust to ensure its impartiality and broad, national editorial viewpoint. As contrasted to this, the family-run *New York Times*, on domestic matters, increasingly reflects a narrow, financial-paper outlook. On world affairs it is a paper of scope and magnitude, but its domestic prejudices are those of the NAM.

On labor matters it is more conserva-

tive than its Republican neighbor, the *New York Herald Tribune*. It fought wartime economic controls from the start, and led the battle against the OPA. To its credit, the *New York Times* is deeply concerned with its own prestige and engages in self-analytical critiques. We suggest this test: Let the *Times* hire three outstanding economists at \$10,000 each to survey and review the economic advice it has given the United States, through Henry Hazlitt and his successors, for the past 10 years, up to the time when it helped kill the OPA. Then let them tell the owners, privately, whether the *Times* is really speaking as a national newspaper for the country.

NEXT step after the Greek-Turkish aid bill will be an even bigger grant for Korea. Then comes the big surprise—something very interesting indeed, as planned—an Administration drive to get Congress to authorize a vast program of relief, loans and food exports all over the non-Russian world. The State Department and White House know the desperate need of this, but fear Congress. Now they feel they can float it through on the tide of anti-Russian sentiment. It will be represented as an "offensive" against communism which, in fact, it will certainly be. But it will be bread instead of bullets.

It will be a queer thing to watch, a two-year program of the magnitude of \$5 to \$10 billion (as it is planned) designed to foster international good will but activated in Congress largely on a basis of ill will to Russia. It is hoped another telling argument will be that America's pyramiding production must shortly have foreign outlets. If a domestic recession comes, with a glut of goods, it will stimulate congressional approval for an extension of federal loans and relief abroad. Between a recession and Stalin, America may soon be embarking on one of the most generous international programs in history.

CORPORATION profits in 1946 increased 30 percent over 1945; 30 percent in the final quarter of 1946 over the whole of 1946; and 30 percent in the first quarter of 1947 over the last quarter of 1946. What boosted these profits?

Well, one answer, just given in an analysis prepared for Senator Taft by the impartial Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress, is that "sweeping tax reductions on corporate business were largely turned into net profits." Net corporate profits in 1946, the report declares, "reached an all-time high of \$12 billion." And the report estimates that "probably over \$4 billion" of this was due to direct action taken by Congress to aid postwar business—tax reductions and tax carry-back provisions.

NOTES.—Secretary of State Marshall reports nightly from Moscow to President Truman, Dean Acheson and Senators Vandenberg (R, Mich.) and Connally (D, Tex.). . . . Officials of US Steel had told Snyder and Steelman here two weeks ago that they'd soon cut prices. . . . Although some important price cuts have been made, "price control by entreaty" hasn't been working too well. . . . Americans might note two statistics from the Dalton budget: subsidies of \$1.5 billion to keep down British living costs will be continued in 1947, and there are now only 45 persons in Britain with incomes of \$24,000 or more after taxes. . . . High-tariff Republicans on the House Ways and Means Committee have started three weeks of hearings as a backfire against the Geneva conference; while the State Department seeks to remove trade barriers abroad, manufacturers at home protest that tariffs are already too low. . . . The Senate-committee labor bill is going to be equipped with a new set of "teeth" by the time it reaches the floor.

Washington

T. R. B.

Henry Wallace

Report from Britain

By cable

I SHALL never forget the second Saturday in April, the first really lovely weekend the British have enjoyed this year. I first visited England in 1912 and believed then that it was the most beautiful country I had ever seen. The remembrance returned on this April morning.

The British had suffered the worst winter since the end of the nineteenth century. City dwellers had shivered in unheated houses. Farmers had worked through freezing nights to save their lambs and calves from icy floods. Despite all their efforts, one-third of all the sheep in England were drowned by the floods or frozen in the snow.

In London, the Ministers in the government worked in their overcoats by the flickering light of oil lamps. On their way to and from their offices, they waited hours for overcrowded buses or trains, or tramped through the slush and snow in "austerity" shoes with soles of compressed cardboard. All have been living on rations of food and clothing at or below the wartime levels while working with wartime intensity on the drive for exports.

Spring arrived late in Britain this year. That April Saturday was the first spring day and, all over Britain, people were out in the fields and streets rejoicing in the welcome warmth of the sun. I had traveled by the night train to Preston, arriving in the early morning. I drove to Blackpool and on through the green fields of Lancashire, with daffodils, forsythia and crocuses opening in vivid color. We passed workers on bicycles, young men and women strolling together and boys playing football as we drove down the road to Freckleton.

That morning, I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor of Blackpool and my host in the Midlands, Ellis Smith, MP, accompanied by the rest of my party—Michael Straight of the *New Republic*, Ned Roberts of the United Press, Ed Campbell of the Associated Press, John Chabot Smith of the *Herald Tribune* and Honor Balfour of *Time*. The Lord Mayor, a good British Tory, scoured all Blackpool to provide us with an American breakfast. He told me that cobwebs had been swept off cans of tomato juice that were ten years old and the poultry houses of the council members had been ransacked for fresh eggs. All this was so typical of the generosity and warmth of

the welcome given me since my arrival that it almost overwhelmed me. I believe it arises from two deep emotions in the British people. The first is the longing, even the anxiety, with which they look for any signs of a liberal spirit in America. The second is the tremendous admiration and devotion they hold for the memory of Franklin Roosevelt. For hard-pressed Britain, caught between two worlds, his faith in one world is still a deep inspiration.

AS I APPROACHED Freckleton I could see the hangars and tower of an air base. Here in wartime the Liberators of the Eighth Air Force, newly arrived from America, were equipped and tested for combat. We drove past the base, its huts surrounded by barbed wire, where Americans had lived during the war, and then through the streets, lined with red-brick houses, of Freckleton. This is a village of 2,000, with one small school.

On a clear morning in late summer of 1944, as the children were studying, a Liberator took off on a test flight. Suddenly a storm gathered, and the planes in the air were called back to the field. Two American sergeants of the Eighth Air Force, who happened now to be visiting Freckleton from the United States, told me how they watched a bomber approaching the field. When lightning flashed beside it, it fell, crushing the school building. They rushed to the scene and helped lift from the ruins the bodies of 38 children, nine crew members and 13 civilian adults. As they worked, up to the limit of complete exhaustion, the Americans conceived the idea of building a memorial playground where the school had stood. Partly from the damaged remnants of the American plane, swings, merry-go-rounds and "the highest slide in Britain" were built. All this was accomplished by volunteer workers in their free time.

British children were playing there as we drove in, and a crowd of their parents and friends was waiting for us. A schoolmaster who, although badly hurt, had survived the accident, led me to the memorial, where I read: "This playground presented to the children of Freckleton by their American neighbors of Base Air Depot No. 2, USAAF, in recognition and remembrance of their common loss in the disaster of August 3, 1944."

There I spoke to the only two children who had sur-

vived the tragedy. I shall never forget them. They must have been almost fatally burned; both will bear terrible scars all their lives. The schoolmaster told me that they had lived in fear for months, not of flames, since they never knew what struck them, but of rain: the sound of rain falling was the last thing they remembered.

What could any American say to the parents of Freckleton? They nodded when I said I knew the American crew had done all they could and when I added that we must all devote our lives to saving today's and tomorrow's children from such disasters.

The people of Britain lived together through such tragedies as this. I sensed, in all my meetings, that the common experience has left a deeper unity, will and determination than exist in America today. I found traces of the same diehard Tory opposition which exists and works closely together in all the democracies. But before I spoke at my earliest meeting in London, I listened to the first speaker, Richard Crossman, who declared to a cheering audience that Britain *as a nation* simply cannot afford the cost of survival in a divided world. Again and again the same conviction was expressed to me by men of all parties and beliefs.

I had been told that a warm response to my views was certain in working-class cities such as Newcastle and Glasgow, but was uncertain in cities like Manchester and Liverpool, with less strong Labor Party traditions. I deliberately chose these towns to test the strength of my position with broad non-labor groups, and spoke to non-political groups such as the National Union of Students in Liverpool. From Freckleton we drove on to Manchester, and stayed in the Midlands, where another Lord Mayor gave me a second Lancashire welcome.

Two football teams were playing off the "cup semi-finals" at Manchester that afternoon and Ellis Smith was a little concerned about the drawing power of a rival attraction. "I will illustrate what I mean," he said. "I told a worker yesterday that I had seen Manchester United play Monday, and the Bolton Wanderers play Wednesday. Saturday, I would be seeing Henry Wallace. 'Oh, aye,' he said. 'What team will he be playing for?'"

WE DROVE through rows of blackened houses, past playing children with grimy faces, to get to the meeting hall. We stepped up on the platform of a prize-fighting ring and Smith smiled happily, seeing the size of the audience. Many were miners or textile workers, with their caps on and scarves around their necks, but most came from middle-class groups. Many of them were young people.

Looking at them, I thought of their grandparents. When the North was at its lowest ebb in our Civil War in 1862, when Gladstone and other respectable Liberals

were supporting the South, when the British government itself favored the South, the grandparents of these workers sacrificed their own interests and refused to break the blockade with textiles for the South. They wrote to Lincoln: "Our interests are identical with yours. We are truly one people, though locally separate. And if you have any ill wishers here, be assured that they are chiefly those who oppose liberty at home, and that they will be powerless to stir up quarrels between us from the very day in which your country becomes, undeniably and without exception, the home of the free." Lincoln replied, hailing "this interchange of sentiment."

At the opening meeting the crowd stood up during the playing of the American anthem, but cheered "God Save the King." They also cheered "The Internationale." I asked Ellis Smith if the audience was friendly to communism. "Not at all," he said. "A small proportion are Communists; the rest are solid Labor Party or Liberal Party, with some Conservatives. You must realize," he added, "the British worker has a warm regard for Soviet Russia. He won't be shaken. He does not like the British Communists, but he will not stand for anti-Communist or anti-Soviet talk. When he hears it, he tells the speaker to 'get on with the job of making peace'."

THIS audience was the liveliest that I addressed. It laughed, cheered and shouted comments, criticisms, corrections and words of encouragement. Here, as at Stoke-on-Trent and Liverpool, I emphasized the necessity of constructive coöperation for peace, adding that a world policy of coöperation is the only alternative to the expansionism of America and others, leading to war. To illustrate the forces of imperialism, I quoted the James Burnham article which was printed with such flourishes in a recent issue of *Life*. I of course held nothing against Henry Luce, pointing out he was a man of the highest sincerity and integrity.

In Liverpool and Manchester I held up the copy of *Life* containing Burnham's article, and read the boxed summary which appears with it. As I read the headline, "World War III has already begun," I could feel a cold shiver run through the entire audience. As I read the words, "only a United States monopoly of atomic weapons can prevent" an all-out war, the audience exclaimed in astonishment and obvious unbelief. I continued reading from the statement calling for "an American empire in opposition to the Soviet empire," and heard murmurs throughout the audience.

When I read the "Program for a US empire," which speaks of "sweeping economic and political concessions to friends," there were cries of "No!" These cries were louder at the words, "force when and where needed," and louder still at the words "joint citizenship with the British empire." Here there were shouts of: "It's Church-

ill!" and "Never that way!" When I read the next sentence, "suppression of all Reds in the US," I added, "'Reds' of course means all who oppose this program, and that includes me." This remark brought great applause.

I then went on to describe the map with which *Life* accompanied the Burnham article and mentioned the "gray areas," which are described as under the influence of the presumed American empire. I said that these gray areas include the North Pole, Canada, Latin America, Western and Northern Europe, Great Britain, Africa, the Near East, the Middle East, India, China and Indonesia. The audience greeted this with roars of laughter. I ended: "It is so wild and mad a nightmare that even many supporters of the present policy must disown it. Yet this position of ruthless imperialism is the position which all groups blinded by hatred of Russia must ultimately defend."

SPEAKING out my mind this way, I of course expected criticism. I said, however, that I felt anything less would be a betrayal of the heritage of a free American in a crucial moment. In all my speeches in Great Britain, I asserted that the responsibility for a breakdown in world organization is that of all nations. All have made mistakes. Invariably, I used the criticism of present weaknesses simply to emphasize the urgent necessity for a constructive approach. Later, when the news of the opposition in America to my speeches reached Britain, many people told me it was absolutely incredible that any action should be proposed against me for campaigning for peace, while a magazine preaching to 22 million Americans that war has already begun is treated with respect and accepted as perfectly harmless. If anyone really wants to invoke a law of 1799, let him find a law which can be invoked against men who, in a country committed to peace, are calling for war.

During my short stay in England I tried to spend some time learning about conditions there, and plans for the future. After reading reports in the American press all winter, I have been surprised at the strength and high morale of the people and the stability and vigor of the Labor Government in tackling domestic issues.

The comment was often made to me that government officials and conservatives in private life, in America, are so pleased by Bevin's anti-Soviet foreign policy that they pass over the advances Britain is making toward socialism; while American progressives are so antagonistic to British foreign policy that they fail to appreciate the great domestic progress that is being made. I feel there is much truth in this.

To understand the present conditions of labor in Great Britain, it is necessary to go back before the 1945 elec-

tion. For 20 years between wars, Britain's skilled workers were kept idle by mass unemployment. Her basic industries, which were handicapped by the fact that they were started early in the worldwide movement toward industrialization, had been neglected and allowed to wear down without adequate replacements. Relations between workers and employers in the textile industry, for example, were demoralized. In coal—the most important of all—profits between world wars were rarely put back into the mines, but were invested instead in other industries. A large part of the Tory press is published by former owners of coal mines, with a personal grudge against the government nationalization of the industry which they had let die.

Only one new coal shaft was sunk in ten years of peace in Britain. The wartime decision in 1942 to maximize output, regardless of the consequences, resulted in exhausting the best seams and in uneconomic development of the mines. During much of the time between the First and Second World Wars, people were encouraged to leave the distressed areas when they could; today, it is difficult to reverse this psychological trend.

Nor are changes made quickly. An old-time trade-union organizer said to me: "Production, production, production! That's all that matters now. I spent my whole life in working for more pay for less work; that's why my boys believe in me. Now we have to get more work, more work, more work. It's hard. If there was a real leader in our movement who had come out honestly and said, 'Brothers, we'll have to forget the past 20 years and go back to a 52-hour week, even if it is just for a year,' that would have helped get us out of this mess. They used to talk about the workers as being superhuman. Now they know we are human—human and tired. It is our men's government but not their system; it is hard to continue to maintain the exhausting pace set in wartime."

I REMEMBER WELL how people expected impossible results from the New Deal. The same forces are at work here. The government made no rash promises before the election and, broadly speaking, has lived up to its promises since then; it could not provide a new life for Britain in a year. Yet the inevitable result has been some let-down in spirit, particularly in non-working-class areas. One Labor Party County Councillor in a rural area told me: "Last night in a pub, a man said, 'I'll never vote again.' A lot of people feel that way. They thought the day after the government changed hands, they would have a shining Utopia in Britain. Maybe we should have expected it would take years, but we had worked all our lives for that election victory, and the enthusiasm we felt, we had passed on to the people. Now we have to explain why progress takes time."

For two years the government worked under pressure. Today, the results of that strain are tragically clear. Of

the original cabinet members, several have been ill because of overwork, Herbert Morrison gravely so; one of them, Ellen Wilkinson, is dead. Overwhelmed by detail, and with serious shortages of staff, the Ministers have been unable to keep themselves free for top-level thinking. Responsibility for such thinking goes especially with Morrison's job, and his illness has been a serious blow to the domestic program.

Critics of the Labor Government have charged in the past that progress has been hampered by the absence of over-all planning, the failure to coördinate programs and the unwillingness to continue the priority system which would make the best use of scarce materials. Some of them have even argued that special incentives should be given the demobilized armed forces to go into the types of work most needed. While something of this character has been done, the government replies in general that such methods if carried very far would smack of totalitarianism. It is true that in by far the largest area of the economy, industrial relations are still a matter between employer and employed. The government's power to direct activity is strictly limited.

THE recent fuel crisis was a real test of the government, which had failed to provide sufficient reserves. The unparalleled bad weather of the winter enormously heightened the difficulties. The crisis was not one of coal but of transportation. To the coldest weather in a century was added the worst snow and floods in a century. They disrupted the transportation of coal by rail. Coastal shipping was disorganized. The highly integrated electricity supply through the national "grid" system was crippled, curtailing power and light to homes and to industry, causing unemployment as well as general distress. Curtailment of production meant a loss of \$4 million per day in exports. The cold weather and floods destroyed 30,000 cattle and 80,000 tons of potatoes. In the worst week, only five percent of the normal supply of vegetables reached the market, and prices inevitably rose. The Tories, who, in the absence of a constructive program of their own, have fallen back on turning the national hardships to political advantage, set up a clamor for a coalition government. Although the American press built up scare headlines, the stability of the government was unquestioned.

I have discussed the effect of the crisis on the morale of the people with many members of Parliament who had toured their constituencies during the Easter recess. From all I got the same story. In the heart of England, the effect of the crisis was to harden the political consciousness of the workers and strengthen their loyalty to the government. "It's true that for the first time," one MP, a former miner, told me, "we weren't absolutely sure of the political attitude of our wives. They felt the hardships; they

could not get together, talk things over and get the common spirit, as the men could. Without the support of our wives, we would never survive; but we found that after a few hard days they came through. It was about a week after the onset of the crisis that the first jokes about the hardships began to filter back to us. Then we knew all was well."

Twelve million Britons originally voted for the government. Of these, eight million, representing the working class, are, I am convinced, still solidly behind it. The remaining four million voted, not for Labor but against the Conservatives. Their support has wavered, and would reduce the Labor majority, without, however, losing an election. Despite rumors to the contrary, I believe the government has no intention of holding an election until the end of its term. It regards the crisis simply as a warning of something which must not be allowed to happen again.

SO I say that as far as domestic issues are concerned, the Labor Government is stable. The people feel that it is their government, and I understand why. Aneurin Bevan, who greatly impressed me, worked in the mines from the age of 13 until he was 21. Another impressive Minister, Jim Griffiths, spent 17 years at the face of the coal. One problem for the government, however, is the feeling, among some trade unionists, that this, their own government, will not permit the development of the criticism within the Labor Party which the government really needs.

Another factor in the stability of Labor Britain is the strong coöperative movement. In a great building in Manchester, only a few miles from Rochdale, where a handful of weavers put up \$100 a century ago to start the first coöperative retail store, I was given a lunch by the national executive committee of the Coöperative Wholesale Society. I was very much impressed with the business ability and the liberalism of these leaders. Their constantly growing movement today has 10 million members and does one-quarter of the wholesale grocery trade of Britain and a large volume in other fields. It sends 23 representatives to Parliament.

A second source of stability is the steady progress among the farm population. Back in London, after my tour of the Midlands, I visited Rothamsted, where Sir John Lawes started the world's first agricultural experimental "plots" with wheat and grass. I had visited these famous "plots" in 1912, and after a lapse of 35 years, I was glad to see that the work was stronger than ever. Land which had been in wheat for more than 100 years is still yielding 18 bushels to the acre, a great tribute to the skill of the laboratory workers and to the innate productivity of the British soil and climate.

Forty years ago, the first water-culture work was started

with plants at Rothamsted, long before we in the US had got interested in hydroponics or "trace" elements—elements present in minute but vitally important quantities. The little old lady with bright blue eyes who initiated this work is still on the job and is the only present member of the staff who was with the station when I was there 35 years ago. At the moment, she is working on molybdenum, but at one time or another, she has studied the effects of nearly all the trace elements. Her laboratory is small, and her assistants are few, but it has had an influence all over the British Empire. She also studies the way in which the application of various fertilizers changes the proportions of different species of grass. One plot would be nearly all fescue; another would have bluegrass and clover; another would be completely winter rye; another would have a high percentage of orchard grass. None of the plots had received any grass seed in the past 100 years, and the varying response was caused solely by the use of various types of fertilizers.

Rothamsted has kept all its rich heritage from the past, but has expanded enormously in recent years. For example, a young fellow there is an expert on plant viruses; he has developed a new theory for combating them which seems to me of great significance. I am mentioning all of this about Rothamsted because it illustrates so well the way in which the British maintain continuity with their past, yet go on acting with vigor for the future.

THE third source of stability of Labor Britain is the absence of any effective opposition. I saw this when I visited the House of Commons to hear Hugh Dalton present the budget. Here was the Labor Government placing the country in the black, planning next year's surplus, to be six times larger than the deficit of 1931. I could see the look of dismay on the men in the Tory benches as the strength of the government's position became apparent. I heard the Liberals and the Labor members applauding all the facts which demonstrated the stability of Britain. I heard the Tories applaud only once, when Dalton mentioned the troubles the government was having in meeting its foreign-trade balance. This spirit, once it is understood in Britain itself, will never win votes.

That evening I dined at the House of Commons with several cabinet members. To ease the minds of some of my friends in Washington, let me assure them that the discussion was so vigorous I was able to open my mouth only three times, to ask about housing, health and food. For four hours, I listened to a hot, brilliant discussion of the British domestic program. I sensed the same excitement, enthusiasm and constructive energy as in the best days of the New Deal. The buoyancy, confidence and humor we felt under Roosevelt were all there.

I listened closely as these men discussed their problems, since I knew we shall face similar problems in the United States. They pointed out the main difficulties of a mixed economy. How, when the government and private employers work side by side, do you maintain the dynamism of socialism and the dynamism of free enterprise? Government intervention of the wrong kind can easily damage private initiative without providing any other. I sensed that these men were moving beyond doctrinaire socialism toward over-all planning. They distinguished strongly between semi-finished products in steel, textiles and other industries, 80 percent of which are more or less standardized, and completely finished consumer goods, where the products are distinguished by minor variations, quality and style. The traditional trademarked brands are known and trusted both here and abroad for their excellence, as "government products" are not. Some feel that this new relationship between the government and free enterprise, which was not foreseen in the past, has not yet been worked out.

As the government succeeds in evolving this new relationship, nationalization of industry should cease to be an election issue. The Tories probably will accept the progress made thus far, recognizing that the steps taken to nationalize coal, transportation, electricity and other industries cannot be retraced.

I gather that one issue the Tories hoped to use was housing. Today, speeches which mention the progress of government housing draw increasing applause throughout England. Last year, the government built 145,000 houses, including 92,000 which were prefabricated and which workers actually prefer to conventional structures. Seven hundred and fifty thousand more must be built before the government achieves its objective of a dwelling for every family and moves on to the problem of slum clearance. At the present rate, this goal should be achieved long before the next election takes place.

Other major achievements which the government expects will solidify its support are social insurance and family allowances, and the health program offering free, adequate medical aid for all. This is a significant talking point with the miners, who are now working desperately hard, as Prime Minister Attlee told me, to exceed their present quota of 200 million tons of coal, for the sake of the government which they love and feel is their own.

A GREAT question mark regarding the government's future is the problem of food. One of my most interesting conversations was with a London cook, Mrs. Lily Pogson of Lewisham, who told me the food situation is as bad as, or worse than, during the war. The British housewife today gets three ounces of bacon per week per person, and 26 cents' worth of other meat. She gets

(Continued on page 44)

For the Good of the Breed

by William C. Brennan

Vincent J. Delia, who lobbies to legalize horse racing in Connecticut, insists he is motivated solely by love for horses

EVERY two years, the people of Connecticut send approximately 300 legislators to the General Assembly at Hartford to represent them. With only slightly less regularity, the Connecticut Real Estate League, the Connecticut Bankers' Association, the State CIO Council, the Hairdressers' Guild of Connecticut and dozens of other organizations send some 300 lobbyists to the state capitol for exactly the same purpose.

The members of this little army of special pleaders generally preserve a professional silence about their activities, and what is publicly reported consists chiefly of the financial statements they are required by state law to submit. According to these statements, the average reward which their work of persuasion brings them is small indeed. Out of a total of 244 registered lobbyists in Connecticut in 1943, for instance, 167 reported total fees, including expenses, amounting to only \$33,857.50. This figure breaks down to about \$322 per lobbyist—which has led to cynical reflections on the part of some that fees so modest could hardly be expected to keep a lobbyist's body and soul together, much less pay for one good rousing cocktail party.

Many of Hartford's lobbyists are only

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Continuing a series of portraits of Americans of many occupations and conditions, the New Republic here looks at a practitioner of one of our busiest crafts—that of lobbying. The next in the series, a portrait of a family living on a small annuity, will appear in an early issue.

part-time operators. Months may elapse, for instance, between brief appearances of the American Legion's agent to plead for or against some particular piece of legislation. A few lobbyists, however, have shown great staying power, and one of these is Vincent J. Delia, a stocky, heavy-eyed horse-lover of Middletown, Connecticut.

What Delia wants more than anything in the world is to have pari-mutuel horse racing legalized in the state of Connecticut. As president of the Nutmeg Sportsmen's Association (unincorporated) of Middletown, Delia has been working in support of state representative Harold E. Finch's bill to this effect. To encourage the bill's passage, Delia rose early at his home throughout the winter to drive several miles to Hartford in order to take up a good lobbying position on the littered rotunda floor outside the legislative chamber. Here, in the queer half-light induced by insets of Belgian cathedral glass, wildly colored wall arabesques and the gloom of the building's architecture (described as mid-Victorian Gothic), Delia has become a familiar sight to the state's lawmakers. This is

precisely what he wants, for it enables him to hail various legislators in a spirit of good fellowship only faintly tinged by adroit axe-grinding whenever the opportunity arises.

Recently, when the Finch bill came up for passage, these jovial little chats took on an air of urgency. Remembering that a similar bill was vetoed by former Governor Wilbur L. Cross in 1935, Delia felt that a "now-or-never" attitude pervaded the atmosphere. In spite of his efforts and his refusal to consider defeat, the Finch bill was voted down. It was Delia's feeling that greater zeal on his part would save the day for the race horse in Connecticut. Consequently, he buttonholed legislators with such fervor and energy that his efforts, if not his purpose, elicited critical admiration from even the most disinterested capitol bystander.

A forthright lobbyist

ALL lobbyists are required by Connecticut law to register with the office of the Secretary of State. Some delicacy is allowed in the matter of nomenclature, since those registering are given the choice of describing themselves as "counsel," "agent" or "lobbyist." Delia, who is not an attorney—as are many of those registered to lobby—forthrightly alludes to himself as a "lobbyist." He is just as forthright in characterizing some legislators as "clay pigeons"—a term he reserves for those whom he suspects of not being above placing a quiet bet or two at the races while officially objecting to the sport.

Delia is more profoundly disturbed, however, by what he feels are "vicious attacks" made against horse racing by local newspapers. These attacks, he contends, are inspired by the insurance companies, by the state's unreasonable Puritanism, and by general ignorance of the benefits of legalized racing. His suspicion of the insurance companies is shared by his horse-loving friends, some of whom claim to be local trainers and breeders of horses that must now race outside of Connecticut. These gentlemen point out that Hartford is known as the "Insurance City of the World" and that the insurance organizations are ridden by fear that legalized horse racing would tarnish Connecticut's conser-

vative respectability and would encourage betting to the point where poverty might become widespread.

Dinners, singers and horses

SOME months ago Delia staged a small dinner in a Hartford hotel for the purposes of devising further strategy in support of the Finch bill. Though disappointed by the attendance, he was considerably cheered by the attitudes of the few horsemen who managed to attend. One elderly gentleman, who described himself as a lover of horseflesh who had "never made one cent off them," lost no time in assailing the insurance companies.

"I don't see the difference between their business and the racing industry," he said bitterly. "When you take out a policy it means betting you're going to live for a certain time. If that ain't gambling, I'll eat it."

Delia was delighted with this observation and thought he might give another dinner for horsemen and interested legislators, this one to be staged on a lavish scale.

"We ought to get a singer," he meditated. "Plenty of people will come to a dinner if you get a famous singer to show up—like Bing Crosby."

"He wouldn't come," a local trainer of thoroughbreds replied. "He's supposed to be selling his horses on account of all the priest parts he's been playing in the movies."

Delia thought for a moment. "Then how about Billy Conn, the prize fighter?" he suggested. "He owns some horses, doesn't he?" After short reflection on Conn's twin defeats at the hands of Joe Louis, however, he decided against him. "We ought to get a singer," he concluded.

Connecticut's moral objections to horse racing baffle Delia. He and his friends pooh-pooh the notion that poverty is a by-product of the sport of kings. They cite the tax revenues, running into the millions, which 22 other states have taken in from licensed track operators. Furthermore, they feel that it is an odd New England conscience which legalizes Bingo and pin-ball machines, while barring worthy jockeys, trainers, breeders, pari-mutuel maintenance men and others from gainful oc-

cupation within the state. He and his friends also point out the benefits to the nation's soil-erosion program that might accrue from the Finch bill. More land would be put out to pasturage, they maintain, if horse racing were to be legalized in Connecticut. Finally, they believe that the state is guilty of puritanical anachronism. Next-door Massachusetts, they point out, started off with Plymouth Rock on its hands, but wound up racing horses despite this historical handicap. The equally prim states of Rhode Island and New Hampshire have also capitulated and welcomed the ponies. Delia and his friends think it's about time Connecticut stopped being so prudish.

The more outspoken critics of legalized horse racing, for their part, are fearful that the sport would give impetus to gangsterism in Connecticut. And their apprehension is not confined to the rise of strong-arm boys. Considerable easy money, they contend could be realized by smart land operators who might hold options on the state's better race-track sites. The critics further believe that scarce building materials should be allocated to veterans' housing, rather than be channeled via the black market to race-track construction.

Delia preserves an outward dignity in the face of all such attacks. While conceding that there have been "irregularities" in racing's past, he is convinced that the bill he has been working for is so framed that its passage would automatically foil touts, gangsters and rigged races. It would call, he states, for the appointment of only the highest-caliber stewards and commissioners, and it would bar minors from the tracks.

Work after hours

THE hard fight Delia has waged against the opposition has drastically affected his home life. During those days, he rarely got back to Middletown before late evening. This was due, at times, to the fact that he repaired to the various public rooms of Hartford's Bond Hotel to take up a secondary position after the legislature adjourned for the day. The hotel is handily located near the bottom of Capitol Hill and is a favored hangout of state

senators and representatives. As such, it is an ideal place for any lobbyist to join in the relaxed camaraderie and just possibly win a few friends to a cause.

Some time ago Delia was in the hotel sitting at a table with friends when Chester Bowles, the former OPA administrator, strode by. Delia shot from the table with remarkable agility and trailed Bowles into the lobby. A few minutes later, still glowing from his meeting, he reported that he had introduced himself and advanced a few words about his work. Bowles, he said, was friendly. It appeared that Bowles was also noncommittal, but in lobbying Delia recognizes the indisputable fact that you never know when you might make a valuable friend.

There are some other important ingredients in Delia's recipe for lobbying success. "When I want something I always go to the man on top," he says, "I never antagonize a man. I can tell in a minute whether or not he's on my side. If he's not, I tell him I know he'd never vote for my bill, but I always tell him I'm interested in his opinions. I use psychology."

Family man

DELIA is a family man. He has been married since 1937 and is the father of a five-year-old daughter, Doreen. His wife, Josephine-Ann, is the operator of a beauty shop in Middletown. The family lives in a rented, two-story frame house on a plot graced by flower and vegetable garden and various fruit trees. Delia is somewhat cool about gardening as a hobby, but is enthusiastic about professional football, boxing and fishing. On the cultural side he is interested in building up a home library.

"I have access via subscription to *Esquire*, *Reader's Digest* and *True*, the men's magazine," he declares, adding that his volumes also include legal books.

Although only 35 years old, Delia has enough gray hairs to lend him that distinguished air so prized in whiskey ads. As one of a large family of Italian extraction, he learned early in life to get on with people. His father, now retired, was the operator of a combination bus station, newspaper-grocery stand and soda fountain. Delia claims Buffalo's Canisius College as his alma mater, and

spent an additional two years at St. Louis Medical College. After working for a while in gas stations, he joined the chemistry department of Wesleyan University, where he devoted himself to analyzing Connecticut water supplies. In 1940, he joined the War Department as a civilian employee and eventually became a chief ammunition inspector for the Army's First Service Command, a post he held until 1945. Shortly thereafter, he became president of the Nutmeg Sportsmen's Association of Middletown and began lobbying.

"Above reproach," but nameless

DELIA is reticent about the composition of his Nutmeg Sportsmen's Association except to say that the members are "all above reproach."

"My Nutmeg Sportsmen's Association is a group of prominent citizens who are interested in the furtherance of horse racing and who have seen the good points of building and operating

tracks. I can't divulge their names now, but as soon as the bill passes, the secretary of state will have the names of the association. There are 100 in it, all Connecticut people. Several are wealthy."

When speaking for publication of his interest in horse racing, Delia's conversation becomes eloquent, possibly as a result of his daily association with political orators.

"Back in college," he explains, "I had the occasion to attend a few races over in Fort Erie, Canada, and I was extremely amazed at the way the horses acted and ran and became extremely attached to them. Aside from a few wagers I placed on the horses, the sport thrilled me no end. I realized here was something commensurate with my idea of keen competition—that's what it is and all that kind of stuff, horses vying for purses. It interested me, extremely so. Then, when I was in medical school, I heard about the attempt being made to bring pari-mutuel to Connecticut. So

I just bided my time and waited until the time be most opportune to legalize pari-mutuel and that is one reason why, presently, with the need of revenue, it is most appropriate in comparison to the evils of taxes and whatnot."

Politics helps

ALTHOUGH Delia can trace his interest in special pleading back only for a decade, he claims to have been a lobbyist "indirectly" all his life.

"Ten years ago I used to come up to the legislature out of curiosity. I wanted to know whom to approach and how to conduct myself," he explains. It was also about this time that he became active in state and local politics.

"I first got into politics in my own home town. I had the occasion to become intimately acquainted with the leaders, who at the outset sent me to the 1936 Republican state convention where I made many friends who later turned out to be the present elected



DELIA'S DREAM: HORSE RACING IN CONNECTICUT. BUT THE STATE CAPITOL DISAPPROVES

state officials." In later years, according to Delia, he served on his town's Republican Committee and in this capacity made speeches in halls and also served aboard sound trucks which invaded the town's neighborhoods.

When he considers his recent work, Vincent Delia's attitude grows mellow. "Can you conceive," he asks, "of anything more pleasant than to talk to your fellow man—exchange words, look at each other and hurl comments at each other in a friendly attitude comparative to high school or college debate, you know what I mean?"

The dangers of overextending one's efforts in cottoning to legislators are well recognized by most lobbyists as a matter of course, and Delia is not an exception.

"I don't visit with them after hours. If I did, it might entail and engender irritation, criticism and reflection. . . . People might see you on the street and say, 'Well, he's got that senator in the bag!'"

Joyful altruism

THE president of the Nutmeg Sportsmen's Association is also sensitive about emoluments. "I am not a paid lobbyist," he insists. "I told them I would do this at my own expense, and that if the bill became law (incidentally, I'm against that word 'if,' it's a jinx to me—I'm here to see that the bill *becomes* a law), we would share in the joys and realizations of horse racing at its highest caliber as specified in the bill."

Beyond stating that his lobbying "has cost me a pretty penny," and that he would continue as president of the association, Delia maintains a demureness in connection with money matters. "I'd rather," he says, with a fine feeling for journalistic suspense, "have the reader resolve in his own mind, 'How does that fellow do it?'"

While Delia was sure that his lobbying would result in a resounding victory for the cause of racing, he none the less made plans in the event of a possible disaster.

"I intend to avail myself to what I was doing previously. Business—manufacturing." Then realizing the breadth of this statement, Delia became more definite. "Plastics," he said.

The Mind of the Ex-GI

ABOUT 2,000 former soldiers now attending college under the GI Bill of Rights submitted short stories in the *New Republic's* prize competition; the entries came from every state in the Union and from several foreign countries. How accurately they represent the mind of the ex-serviceman it is hard to say. We believe, however, that some of the things revealed do represent the attitudes of a broader group, and are in any case interesting for their own sake.

About 65 percent of these stories have a war background; we should have expected the proportion to be substantially higher. Of this 65 percent, a large majority are not concerned with scenes of battle, but with life in camp, incidents on leave or post-service readjustment. The stories as a group do not display much protest or sense of grievance, but the manuscripts which talk about the returned veteran and his efforts to get a job show an enormous concentration of resentment.

In so far as any single subject can be said to dominate these stories, it is probably race discrimination, and especially discrimination against the Negro. Some of them, no doubt, were written by students who are convinced, long-time believers in racial equality; but in other cases it seems probable that the authors are Northerners sent to the South by the Army for training, where for the first time in their lives they came into contact with open and egregious race barriers, such as Jim Crow railroad cars, restaurants and other public facilities.

Another group of stories, smaller in number but still impressive, deals with anti-Semitism, usually in a setting of civil life. Still others show the intolerance or even cruelty of an average group of American soldiers—from which the author in each case excludes himself—toward the people of other countries.

As was to be expected, sex is a constantly recurring theme in these stories. A good many of them, with their matter of fact assumption of wartime promiscuity, would shock the daylights out of the older generation. Enough of these stories to justify the phrase, "recurring theme," deal with ardent male and reluctant female when the girl is either married or otherwise committed to another man.

The battlefield stories rarely deal with scenes of horror; possibly the authors may have felt that civilians would be reluctant to read such narratives. A frequent topic is the experience of untried soldiers going into battle for the first time, or the loneliness of a new replacement in a closely knit outfit.

RECOGNIZING that it is dangerous to generalize from such meager data, we may nevertheless risk a few observations. If these stories are any sort of clue, the general spirit of the authors is one of optimism. They do not seem to feel that the world is on the edge of destruction; their grievances are individual grievances set within a pattern of acceptance of the social organism as a whole. Their complaint against war is against its boredom and stupidity, the ineffable wrongness of the high brass, not against the fact that war negates all the fundamental values of civilization. These authors sound, in fact, like good plain American boys and girls, civilians in uniform, who resented the whole business, but not with any deep passion of pacifism; who feel their country has not done particularly well by them since they got home, but are not shedding any tears about it; who, having been annoyed by an unjustified and unpleasant interruption of their plans, now want to get back to the major business of life: a job, a home and a family.

Another Prize-Winning Story in the New Republic Contest for Veterans

So Shall It Grow

by Richard W. Seaver

THE waves slapped the hollow cans supporting the dock, in monotonous succession, but the deep echoings inside the barrels sounded pleasant to Rocky Norton, lying there watching the tiny fish move jerkily, nervously along the lake bed, and feeling the summer sun warm upon his bronze-brown back.

Behind him, from inside the cottage, he could hear his mother's voice humming some tune he didn't recognize. He couldn't hear it all, only notes now and then when the wind was in the right direction and when the noise of the lake against the dock wasn't too loud. He smiled as he listened and remembered how he loved to hear his mother sing and how he'd tell her, "Oh, what a beautiful voice you've got, mother; please sing some more." But he thought perhaps he'd outgrown that now and maybe his father was right that a boy of eight should spend his time more usefully than listening to his mother sing; still he liked to listen to her and see how her lovely white throat, and the lips that smiled when she sang, quivered when she reached up for the high, high notes. And then, if he closed his eyes, the singing seemed very far away and he would dream up all sorts of fairy kingdoms where he was king and performed all kinds of brave deeds while all his subjects watched and whispered oh and ah when he did something very difficult, especially when he battled the great ogre of the land, who looked very much, he suddenly realized, like his own father, except that the ogre was hairy all over and even bigger and his teeth were pointed at the ends.

Rocky wondered suddenly, opening his eyes, why the ogre always looked so much like his father. He looked at his father, tall and big and brown, lying asleep at the other end of the dock in only a pair of trunks, breathing heavily, with his hands folded across his chest. He loved his father, he knew he did. But it wasn't like the way he loved his mother, because she understood him and loved him at the same time. But mother always said how much his father loved him and he must appreciate what a good father he had and that all young boys weren't as lucky as he was; and he

did love his father, like he loved God, because his mother told him to. He didn't understand God and he didn't understand his father. Maybe his father was God: he was big enough and his voice was deep and booming and strong like God's must be. And he was afraid of his father like he was afraid of God; not really afraid like he was going to hurt you, but afraid that if you didn't do what he wanted you'd better watch your step.

ROCKY," his father called, "it's about time we were getting started. You want to get those muscles loosened up if you're going to try to make it to the island with me this afternoon. It's a long haul."

His father was standing over him now, smiling down and talking in his boom voice. Yes, he must be God.

Rocky looked across at the island, green and rising from the blue, oh, very blue, water of the lake. "It does look awfully far, sir," he said without looking up. He could hear nothing now except the slap slap slap. He wondered what his father was thinking. He was sorry he'd said anything.

"If you'd rather not try it . . ."

"Oh, no, sir. It isn't that. I want to go."

"That's the way to talk, Rocky. You're a son to make your dad's heart glow. Hop in the water while I get your mother."

Rocky walked to the edge of the dock and stood there looking into the water. It was good to swim, he thought, especially to get down under water and move along with your eyes feeling the cool goodness of the lake and watching the dancing specks of dustlike something floating there and sometimes getting on the bottom and watching the fish move by or feeling them nibble at your toes. If only father wouldn't make him swim so far and long, because then he couldn't think of anything except how much his legs and shoulders ached and how heavy he felt and how his father's face would look if he thought that he was giving up, and so he would go a little farther until he couldn't go any more and his father would grab him as he gave up and hold him high and safe and say, "That's OK, Rocky, you did fine. In a little while you'll be taking that in your stride as though it were nothing," but he knew how disappointed his father was that he hadn't done better.

Rocky remembered the last time it had happened, several weeks ago, when they had tried it to the island. Rocky knew he wasn't going to make it before they ever

Richard W. Seaver, one of the five winners of \$50 third-place awards in the New Republic's short-story contest for veterans now attending college, was sent to the University of North Carolina by the Navy. He liked it so much he returned to North Carolina after his discharge, and expects his AB in English this June.

began, but he had tried hard, awful hard. His mother had been down on the dock to watch them start.

"Watch our smoke, Frannie," his father had said. "Rocky and I'll send you a postcard from the island."

"You both be careful," she had told them. Then turning to his father she had whispered, "Remember, Tim, the boy's only eight years old. You can't expect him to do all the things you do. Give him time to develop as he should." She thought he hadn't heard her.

And then his father had replied something about nonsense he loves it, and had dived into the water, calling for Rocky to follow.

Rocky had looked up at his mother. She had caught his hand and squeezed it hard and smiled. "Try hard to please him, Tim. He's so proud of you." He liked to hear himself called Tim, not Rocky like his father called him.

"I'll try, mom," he had told her, "but you won't mind if I can't quite get there, will you?"

"You do your best; that's all anyone can ask," she answered, squeezing his hand again.

"Quit babying the boy, Frannie," his father called up from the water. "C'mon, Rocky. Let's go."

Rocky had dived in and swum underwater for some yards, coming up and shaking his head hard.

He does swim beautifully, his mother thought as she watched them moving away from the dock with smooth, rhythmic strokes. Maybe Tim is right about it. I wish I knew for sure.

She watched them until their heads were only specks bobbing on the water, and every time they turned over on their backs to take a rest she waved to them and called out their names.

Rocky saw her waving from the dock and with tired legs kicked up some spray as a return signal. His arms ached and throbbed and his chest felt like a balloon all blown up and ready to burst and he was breathing hard and fast now.

"Let's turn over and make some speed," his father said.

"All right, sir."

His stroke was sloppy now and his kicking legs would hardly break the surface of the water. Pull, down, back, out, pull . . . down . . . back . . . out . . . legs kick . . . arms move . . . breathe in . . . breathe out . . . Just a little farther now . . . just a little farther . . . just . . .

He glanced at the island and suddenly it seemed very far away. Its closeness had been the hope keeping him afloat and now it was gone and he was gone. He floundered and felt himself going far away and his father's hands were around him pulling him to safety and then they were lying on the beach of the island that had seemed so far away.

"Swallow any water, Rocky?" His father's face was serious now. "You should have told me you were that tired. We could have rested longer."

Rocky didn't answer him. He didn't understand; no, he didn't understand. He saw the disappointed look there, but he also saw a new look, puzzled, frightened.

"You're all right, son?"

Rocky nodded.

"We won't say anything to your mother. Don't want to

disturb her. You decided it was a little far and I carried you in."

Rocky nodded again. He wanted to cry and he felt sick and weak and he wished his mother were there. He closed his eyes tightly.

"We'll try it again when he's had a little more experience. He got a little tired and we made the last few yards together," his father told his mother as they rowed into the dock.

"You're all right aren't you, Rocky?" she asked. "You look a little pale."

"I'm all right." He tried to smile at her, but it was hard to when you felt so sick underneath. "I'm fine."

AND here was today and another try. All morning long he'd thought about it and he knew he wasn't afraid, only unhappy.

He dived neatly, his slim, young body hardly raising a splash. The water felt good and cool and wonderful and his eyes were open and watching the swirling bubbles of the dive rising around him and the sun in the water and the fish along the bottom and then the sand soft under his body. With a quick upward shove, he moved to the surface.

"Did you see him playing under water, Frannie? A regular fish. He'd probably forget to come up for air if I didn't remind him," his father said proudly.

"Do you think you should try to swim that far, Tim? Remember what happened last time. Wouldn't it be better to swim around here than make an endurance race of it?" She looked anxiously at Rocky who was now holding onto the dock for support.

She knows. She understands.

"Don't be silly, Frannie. You don't want to make a sissy out of him, do you?"

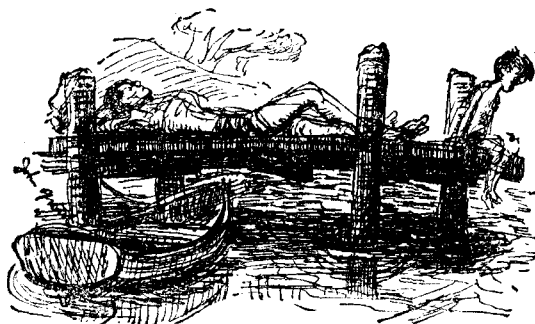
Never. Never! A sissy was the worst thing you could ever be. Like Marty Adams next door. Skinny and frail and weak and he wore glasses and never played with anyone. Oh, not a sissy!

His father was beside him in the water now, his large, handsome face close to Rocky's.

"You ready, Rocky? We'll try harder to make it this time, won't we?"

Rocky looked above at his mother and above her the sky and behind the green woods and he shook his toes as the minnows nibbled at them, and then he looked down into the water, away from his father, and said:

"Yes, sir. We'll try awful hard this time."



Military Notes on Turkey

THE Greek-Turkish program," wrote America's senior military analyst, Hanson W. Baldwin, last week, "would enable the United States, if war came, to fight with allies and with the advantage of positions we would not otherwise possess." As Congress moved last week to make this program the cornerstone of American defense, a lone voice, that of Senator Edwin Johnson (D, Colo.), demanded that America distinguish clearly between Turkey and Greece in her newest and boldest venture in foreign policy. Few men had stopped to examine hardheadedly the strength and capacity of the ally upon whom the first shock of war would fall: the republic of Turkey.

The Turks, who have 45 divisions on paper, need far more than the tanks and guns contemplated in America's program of aid. They need a complete line of small arms—rifles, carbines, sub-machine guns and machine guns of all types. They then need a complete re-outfitting with artillery. What they have now belongs in a museum—because of both age and diversity. The same goes for their tanks. They have Bofors artillery pieces from Sweden, French 75's and old as well as fairly new guns from Krupp. They have guns and tractors from Skoda in Czechoslovakia; they have a few puny anti-tank guns from Hotchkiss near Paris—the type that wouldn't stop German tanks in France in 1940. They have British rifles, British mortars, British anti-aircraft guns, US M-5 light tanks—along with Russian Ford armored cars and Russian T-26 light tanks. The inventory of their arms reads like a collection of munitions catalogues.

Once it has such common arms as rifles, mortars, artillery and armor, the Turkish army has to obtain essential new types of weapons developed during the war. It needs bazookas and rocket-launchers. It needs radar to go with the hundreds of anti-aircraft guns that must defend its strategic points. Such radar sets—two should be supplied with every four guns—cost only some \$53,000 mass-produced and about \$70,000 retail.

When all this material has been sup-

plied, the Turkish army needs a whole motorization program and a complete transportation corps. This corps must be provided with roads and railways heavy enough to stand military traffic. Then of course the whole Turkish military and economic system must get air cover or it will be snowed under by the locustlike Red Army tactical air forces.

Once all this equipment has been delivered, the Turks can start reeducating their officers and men. Much of the complex American gear is far beyond their capabilities—indeed, it is hardly assimilated in their military language. When the men are trained and the material is ready, the army must get an entire new general staff. Though much touted, the Turkish General Staff is probably one of the worst in existence. Study of its training and operational documents reveal the minds of its officers to be singularly unmethodical and inconsistent.

AMERICANS have the right to question the effectiveness of such an army against the Russians. The war strength of the Red Army runs to more than 500 divisions. In artillery (the decisive arm in conventional ground war) it is incredibly powerful. During the past war, it never had to acquire lend-lease field artillery. Red armored divisions have tanks which the German thought outclassed the Shermans by far. As for heavy tanks and thickly armored, powerful assault guns, many of the Red

Army models have no counterpart in the US Army. The Red Army mountain brigades, which so distinguished themselves against the Germans and Rumanian mountain divisions in the Caucasus and Carpathians, are numerous and skilled. It is doubtful if mountain barriers would bother them much, since they will have plenty of artillery and armored support in the valleys. Much Turkish terrain is roadless and rolling; once the mountaineers have fought through the passes, the Red Army cavalry can be used to excellent effect. Certainly the treeless terrain works in favor of the sizable Red Army air force.

THE underlying military thinking behind America's Middle Eastern program ignores the military lessons of the last war.

First: Fourth or fifth-rate powers like Turkey are useful only when their troops are used in *immediate* conjunction with well trained, well equipped forces of a major army. When fourth or fifth-rate powers try to hold the line against a major enemy in isolation, they are quickly overwhelmed—Poland, Holland, Yugoslavia are cases in point.

Second: The top air generals of the USA are convinced that any Russo-American war will be decided by air strikes across the Arctic to and from the major industrial complexes of both powers. Whether the Turks can defend the Fortress of Ezerum is of utterly no consequence in an atomic war.



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Revolt in Asia

by Phillips Talbot

A historic meeting in India signals the end of the Colonial Age and spurs an intensive drive for Asian independence

Delhi, April 15 (by cable)

SUNDAY, March 23, must have been a disturbing day for innocents who believe that there is still such a thing as an unchanging East.

On that morning, Delhi's hot late-spring sun beat down on both a retiring Viceroy and handsome young Lord Mountbatten, who has inherited the massive sandstone and marble vice-regal palace with instructions to preside over the liquidation of Britain's Indian Empire.

Late the same afternoon, the sun's rays, slanting across the broken walls of Delhi's famed old sixteenth-century fort, fell on the opening of the unofficial, theoretically non-political Asian Relations Conference. Three hundred delegates and observers from all over Asia and 2,000 local visitors were there at the call of India's world-minded

Jawaharlal Nehru to consider the future of their continent.

Both incidents were straws in the freshest breeze that has blown across the expanse of Asia since steam navigation made it a next-door neighbor of Europe. Although their close timing was a coincidence, the two events are strikingly related: Mountbatten's arrival marked the climax to the vigorous 60-year-old Indian Nationalist movement. India was to have a chance to become independent. Hard-pressed Britain, unready to attempt resubjection of the Crown's brightest jewel, had agreed to erase the long familiar pink from the Indian section of the Atlas.

The Asian Conference likewise signaled a changing era. It was conceived early in 1946 by Nehru, whose nine terms of political imprisonment have never dimmed his sense of history. After the recent war's sharp impact on the East he looked around him and saw what he regarded as the final quivers of the Colonial Age. It was time, he argued, for Asians to get together and prepare for the new day at hand.

Memories of Asia's past glories are thick on the site chosen for the conference. In legend this bit of high ground was the seat of the first Delhi kingdom of Hindu epic times. Millennia later it became the symbol of Mogul might when Emperor Humayun built his fortress city there 400 years ago. Now the still stout walls look down on the British-built city of New Delhi, with its geometric pattern of boulevards, park circles and officials' bungalows.

Within a one-mile circuit of these walls, representatives of renaissance Asia met in a huge temporary auditorium which had burlap roof and walls. After it was filled to capacity the first day, the walls were let out. For the closing session, when the venerated Gandhi addressed the conference, more than 20,000 visitors stuffed themselves into what the Indians call the *pandal*, or "big top."

Leaders of national delegations sat on a streamlined, two-banked, semicircular dais that might have been designed in Hollywood. Behind them a grand-scale continental map (showing Europe as a small appendage in the upper left-hand corner) was lighted by a neon sign flashing "Asia." Nehru himself key-noted the conference in a carefully worded address.

Speaking of the postwar world, "this watershed which divides two epochs of human history and endeavor," he said, "This conference in small measure represents the bringing together of countries of Asia. Whatever it may achieve, the mere fact of its taking place is itself of historic significance."

He also had something a little more definite in mind.

Phillips Talbot is the Chicago Daily News correspondent in India. He spent two years there as a research fellow of the Crane Foundation, and served during the war as a naval intelligence officer in both India and China.



"For too long," he observed, "we of Asia have been petitioners in Western courts and chancelleries. That story must now belong to the past. We propose to stand on our own feet and to cooperate with all others who are prepared to cooperate with us. We do not intend to be playthings of others."

A similar temper pervaded the speeches of many delegates. Look at the record they urged; in one generation a seemingly secure colonial world had kicked over its traces. The Middle Eastern countries had asserted their will for self-rule. India had reached the threshold of independence. Burma was about to elect her own constituent assembly. The Indonesian Republic had gained recognition from the Dutch government. The war-devastated Philippines had become independent. Viet Nam had emerged and was struggling for its existence. Yes, and Mongolia had cut adrift from China, while Korea was being extricated from Japanese rule.

Meeting in these circumstances the conference was unique in Asia's history. It was entirely a continental family affair. Guests met many sorts of Asians but no "Asiatics"—"Asiatic" is a term now resented here as slightly more derogatory than hobo, bum or coolie. Among them were professors, revolutionaries, economists, politicians, scientists, members of governments, feminists, high judicial and administrative officials from various countries.

All Asia came

THEY had come from the four corners of the continent. Tibetans had walked 21 days over the windy plateau and mountain passes south of Lhasa

before they reached the speedier automobiles, trains and planes of India.

The Viet Nam delegates reported that two squads of their messengers had been killed while smuggling their credentials through from Ho Chi-minh's beleaguered headquarters to Bangkok, where they were waiting. Young, shrewd Indonesian Premier Sutan Sjahrir was brought in an Indian plane chartered for him by Nehru's government. From Ulan Bator three Mongolian representatives flew to Moscow, where they picked up the Russian interpreter who was to be their only contact with the other delegates. Then they flew on to Baku, Teheran, Karachi and Delhi.

Delegates and observers also came from Nepal and Bhutan; from Egypt; from the Hebrew University in Palestine and the Arab League; from Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan; from the Soviet Republics of Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, Khazakistan, Tadjikistan, Uzbekistan; from Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, Indo-China, Siam and the Philippines; from China and from Korea. No Japanese arrived, although some were invited. The Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (SCAP) still prefers that the Japanese stay at home.

With few exceptions, the delegates were not counted among the policy makers of Asia. Some of them were ivory-tower specialists. During their 10 days at the conference they discovered no new truths. But in a series of round-table discussions generally guided by an inner group of Indian sponsors they thought in international terms and agreed on some of the important things about Asia today. For example, they generally acknowledged that:

1. Asia, anxious for independence from Western imperialism, believes the goal to be so close that successful transfer of power is the most pressing immediate problem.

2. Political freedom without economic independence is meaningless. Control of each country's agriculture and industry must rest at home, not with foreign interests. Colonial countries are also eager to reduce their dependence on a single crop or product such as rice, rubber, tin or sugar.

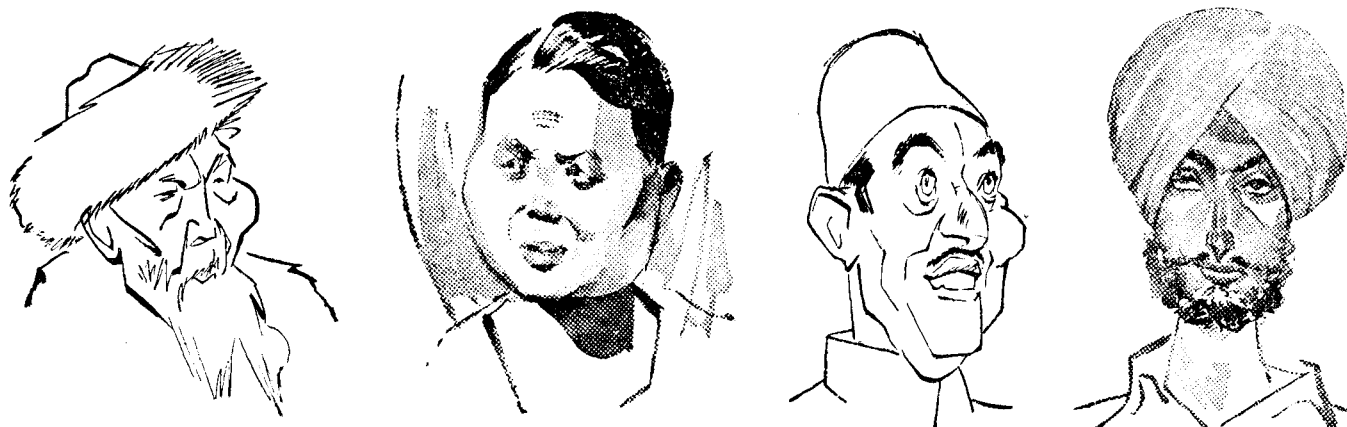
3. Yet Asia can't stand alone. It must devise arrangements that will attract foreign assistance without giving outside lenders control of domestic economy, thereby reintroducing imperialism in a new guise.

4. Asia is predominantly a continent of impoverished peasants. Raising their standards is the first step required on the road to continental prosperity.

5. Most of Asia is industrially primitive. Outside the Soviet belt and parts of the Near East, only India has any heavy industry. There is no shipping or automobile industry, no machinery or chemical industry, no manufacturing of transport and communications equipment or of basic defense weapons and supplies.

6. The farmer and industrial worker lives and labors in backward, degrading conditions which require vast improvement. Health, sanitation, housing and education remain at deplorable levels.

7. To make up for such fundamental deficiencies in agriculture, industry and human living, individual initiative is not enough. Each nation must decide for itself how far the state will intervene. In most countries there is a tendency



Drawings from a CBI sketchbook by Sam Berman

toward state control of basic industries, defense industries and communications, with close supervision over other nation-building activities but (except in the Soviet zone) with considerable room left for private enterprise.

8. Much of the required finance, capital, equipment and trained management for the reconstruction of Asia must be found outside the continent. Asia's accumulated exchange credits and normal exports of primary goods won't pay the bill. Borrowing from abroad will be necessary, therefore, to finance rehabilitation programs. Transactions of this sort should conform to United Nations standards and avoid infringement of the sovereignty of any Asian nation.

9. Asia must wholeheartedly support the United Nations to preserve peace. Asia itself can be a stabilizing factor in a world suffering from atomic jitters.

10. At the same time, Asian nations should give whatever help possible to Asia freedom movements. They should deny to non-Asian powers attempting to suppress such movements all assistance in matters like docking, airfield facilities or military supplies.

The sum total of the situation, as these delegates saw it, is that the time has come for Asia to make a declaration of independence, but that the continent needs close ties and great assistance from outside to improve its primitive conditions. "We want no 'Asia for the Asiatics,'" one delegate declared. "The Japanese were wrong there." At the end the conference voted to carry on its work through a permanent Asian Relations Organization. No constitution was drafted, but it was agreed that the or-

ganization should be unofficial and should operate through national units of the same character. The main purpose would be to facilitate contacts between Asian nations at cultural, economic and possibly political levels.

For the first president of the provisional general council, delegates again turned to the man who inspired the conference, Jawaharlal Nehru.

A minimum of explosions

FEW conferences accomplish exactly what they set out to do. Devising ways and means to keep this one under control despite explosive subjects on the agenda was a chore that had kept the Indian Planning Committee worrying nights. To reduce risks of splits between delegations, they decided that the conference should pass no resolutions and commit itself to no fixed views. They ruled that no country's internal problems should be discussed.

Several issues were glossed over. No one raised the question of Communist influence in Asian countries. Nor did anyone suggest that a conference of this sort should consider machinery to deal with disputes between Asian states.

Among various delegations, the Soviets attracted some attention; despite fear of communism in many circles, there is a latent respect in Asia for the apparent all-around progress made by the Soviet countries in one generation. But even making allowances for the language barrier, one delegate observed, "It is hard to get to know them. They have come here and seem interested in discussions. But, except for cultural topics, they regularly tell us they have already solved all problems that are

facing the rest of us and conversation stops there."

An active Chinese delegation, sparked by George Yeh of the Foreign Office, showed itself particularly vigilant over references to the place of Chinese residents in Southeast Asian countries to which the Chinese have migrated in large numbers. As representatives of the largest country, the Chinese, who have their own ideas about leadership of Asia, invited the conference to hold its next general session in China in 1949.

In an atmosphere that was unquestionably charged with distrust of imperialism and of imperialist nations, Filipino delegates threw a surprise. Replying in press conferences and public statements to oblique references to the United States, the group declared in the unofficial words of Anastacio De Castro, its leader, that "talk of American imperialism in Philippines now is bunk."

Politics and parties

THROUGHOUT the conference the emphasis was on the India-China colonial belt region. Several Southeast Asian delegations came with specific missions. Indonesians, for example, frankly bid for trade and diplomatic relations with other countries, while the struggling Viet Namese begged for help from any quarter in their resistance to French pressure.

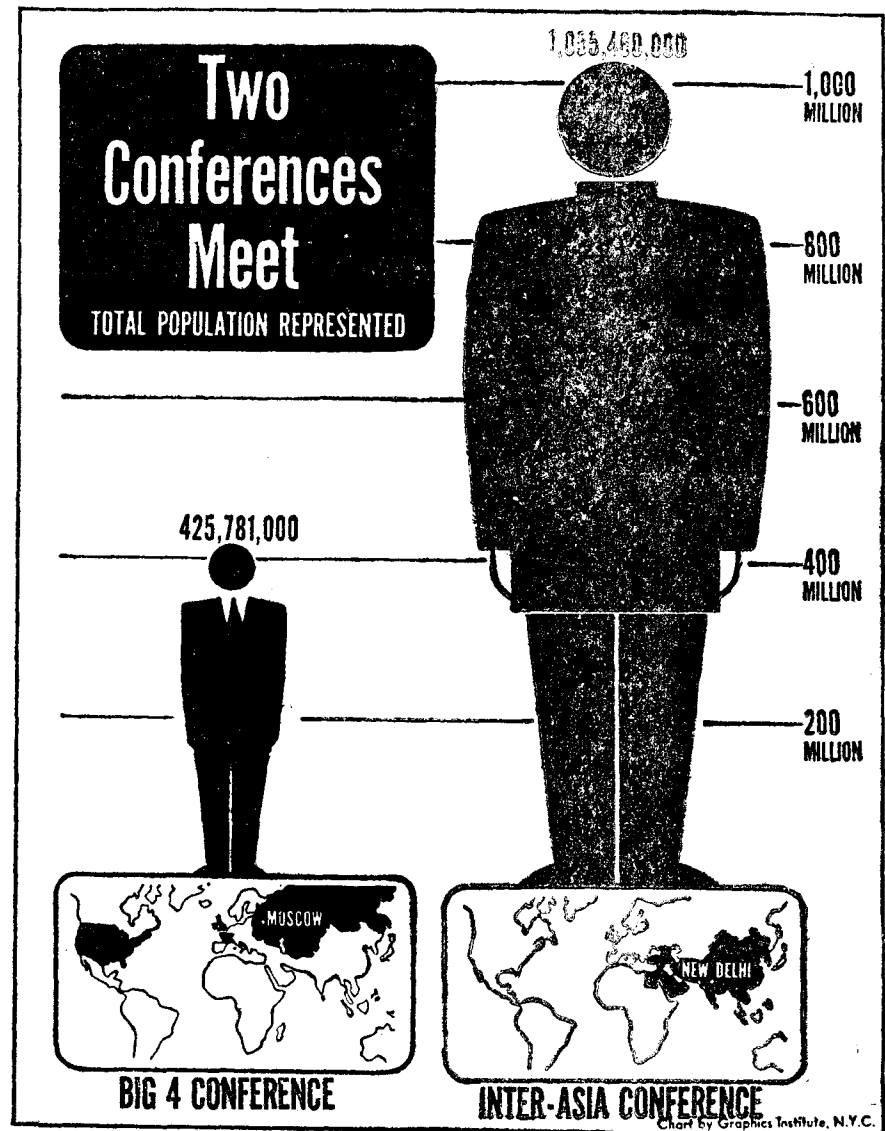
By the time that 77-year-old Gandhi, who had come from riot-torn Bihar Province, mounted the rostrum at the final session to tell the Asian countries to love their neighbors, delegates had completed a busy 10 days absorbing



politics, economics, culture and the fruits of a social whirl that outshone even the usual spectacles of this party-minded national capital. The new Viceroy held a reception for the entire conference. On the same evening a thousand people filled the compound of Nehru's official bungalow to see the Orissa masked dancers. Indian maharajas, prominent individuals, foreign consular and diplomatic officers arranged teas and cocktail parties. "I have been to three today, and there are two more after this one," one weary delegate said across a tea table on about the eighth day. "And at every one I meet the same people."

If the Indians played a leading role in the Asian Conference, it was partly because theirs was the host country, and partly because they believe they have a big destiny in Asia, and partly because the Indian Nationalist movement got a generation's head start on some other colonial countries. Most of the top leaders of India are now grandfathers. But the conference demonstrated that Asia has a crop of young leaders as well. Sjahrir of Indonesia is in his mid-thirties, for example, and Aung San of Burma, who could not attend because his party was campaigning (very successfully) in the National Constituent Assembly elections, is even younger.

As many as a dozen languages were used in the conference. But one thing these Asians discovered about themselves is that they have just one medium of international communication—the English tongue. Countries from the Mediterranean to the China Sea sent delegates who spoke in English; all other languages, even the old



court tongues of French and Persian, merely proved of regional importance. Some support developed for encouragement of a constructed language such as Esperanto, but most delegates, including the Georgian, agreed that English is the sole contender as the international language of Asia.

In this frankly exploratory conference many frayed and tangled threads of present-day Asian life found a chance to come together. Whether they will successfully form the warp and woof of a real continental fabric will be revealed by the progress of the new Asian Relations Organization.



Uruguay Walks A Tightrope

by Graham Hovey

*The tiny country that once led the fight
against Argentinian fascism still hates
Peron but is afraid the US likes him*

TINY Uruguay, long a political leader in the Americas and the world, is crawling into her shell. In particular, Uruguay has stopped hurling brickbats across the river at her big neighbor, Argentina. For this significant development, the United States is partly responsible.

"We are tired of being the hound for the erratic North American hunter," an Uruguayan political leader told me in Montevideo recently. "We cannot afford to go on acting as the spearhead for United States adventures in hemisphere diplomacy."

The editor of a leading Montevideo newspaper put it this way:

"It is dangerous for us to keep on talking tough to Argentina when it looks as though the United States will soon back down and make peace with Peron. We are too small to take such a chance. We would be the first to get hurt if Peron became an aggressor. From now on, Uruguay must pursue a less noisy foreign policy. . . ."

Such a role will be difficult for Uruguay, which has never hesitated in international conferences to speak up for democracy or against the hybrid fascism that Juan Domingo Peron has brought to Argentina. Only last year, Uruguay's

foreign minister, Dr. Eduardo Rodriguez Larreta, came up with his boldly conceived "multilateral intervention" proposal, aimed squarely at Argentina's dictatorship.

A glance at the map makes one wonder how a nation in Uruguay's position ever had the courage to tell Argentina off. For Uruguay is a geographic accident. A gently rolling land resembling our Middle West, comparable in size to North Dakota and in population to Iowa, Uruguay is squeezed in between the two biggest South American nations, Brazil and Argentina. It is separated from Argentina only by the Uruguay River on the west and the famous River Plate, or Rio de la Plata, on the south.

But geographic accident or not, Uruguay is one of the most advanced nations in the Western Hemisphere, politically and culturally. The social-reform program on which General Peron rode to the presidency of Argentina had little appeal in Uruguay. "We've had all that for 20 years," was the common reaction of the worker in Montevideo.

Uruguay's New Deal began early in the century under her great president, Jose Batlle y Ordóñez, frequently described as a Socialist who was too politically wise to admit it. Batlle started nationalizing Uruguay's basic industries. His successors carried on the work and today the Uruguayan government is engaged in petroleum refining, alcohol production, the electric-power industry and the telephone business, among others. The country's biggest industry

is livestock, and to take advantage of it the government has established its own meat-packing plant. Because of the miles of good beaches along the River Plate and the Atlantic, and an excellent summer climate, Uruguay's second industry is now the tourist trade. Consequently, Montevideo and the other municipalities along the coasts have gone into the hotel business. The national government also is in the process of taking over the railroads from British owners.

Education in Uruguay is free all the way from first grade through the up-to-date University of Montevideo. "Do you have this system in your country?" an Uruguayan girl asked me. "Are even your state universities entirely free?"

Residents of Montevideo, who make up about a third of Uruguay's population, love to show off their new medical center, an ultra-modern skyscraper where people are cared for whether or not they can afford it. "Does your government provide adequate medical care for all who need it?" a young Montevideo doctor asked me. "Do the Negroes in your Southern states receive equal treatment with whites?"

As for Uruguayan labor, it is quite highly organized. The individual unions are controlled by the powerful UGT, or central labor body.

President Berreta

THIS, then, is the proud little country which now is embarked on "a less noisy foreign policy" in general and a softer official attitude toward Argentina in particular. The republic's new president, Tomas Berreta, is tight-lipped on foreign affairs. Uruguay under him will participate fully in the Pan American Union and the United Nations, but with a tendency to follow rather than to set the pace. Don Tomas, as Uruguayans affectionately call their 73-year-old president, makes no secret of his admiration for the United States, which he visited in February prior to his inauguration. But he is careful to say nothing which might offend Argentina and her dictator-president. At a news conference, Berreta sidestepped skillfully when I asked whether he believed Argentina was carrying out her promises to eradicate Nazism and deport German agents.

Graham Hovey was a wartime correspondent in Africa, Italy and France and until recently covered the State Department for the Associated Press. As a New Republic staff member he went to Uruguay in March to cover the inauguration of President Berreta.

Uruguay, said Berreta, would "strictly observe" all her international commitments; hence, Uruguay expected similar coöperation from the other American republics. It was as strong a statement on the issue as Don Tomas would make.

Another sign that Berreta intends to soft-pedal international affairs was his appointment of Mateo Marquez Castro as foreign minister to replace the plain-speaking Rodriguez Larreta. A comparable move in the US would be the replacing of Cordell Hull or Henry L. Stimson by a little known bureaucrat with an unimpressive background including unsuccessful bids for elective office. If Marquez Castro has strong views on Juan Peron or on any other issue facing the American republics, most Uruguayans are unaware of them. Even some of Berreta's staunchest supporters and others who believed Rodriguez Larreta was too flashy and too much a mouthpiece for US anti-Peron policies were disappointed at the naming of Marquez Castro.

Expediency calls the tune

THE prominent role played at Berreta's inauguration by Peron's foreign minister seemed to symbolize Uruguay's changing policy toward Argentina. As chief Argentine delegate, Juan Atilio Bramuglia occupied the center box in the gallery of the legislative palace while Berreta took the oath. Later, he stood near Don Tomas on the balcony of the government house while an Argentine naval unit led all foreign contingents in the inaugural parade.

To the press, Bramuglia talked cheerfully of prospects for a new Argentine-Uruguayan trade treaty. Three days after the inauguration, while he was still in Montevideo, negotiations were completed for Uruguay to buy 170,000 tons of wheat from Argentina.

If Uruguay is being "less noisy" about Argentina, the main reasons are obvious. It is not that Uruguayans now regard Peron's regime favorably. Most of them have great contempt for this bush-league dictator. One told me that if a musical comedy were written about Peron and his actress-wife, Eva, it "would run for years on Broadway!" But along with their contempt, most Uruguayan political leaders fear Peron.

They believe he eventually will be an economic and political threat to Argentina's neighbors. Some say his recent trade treaty with Chile, which gives Argentina much control over the faltering Chilean economy, is the first step toward "Anschluss."

The only Uruguayan parties that profess to be unworried about Peron are the ultra-nationalist Blanco Party on the far Right and the Communists and certain non-Communist leaders on the Left. The Blancos, whose leaders are called *Herreristas* after their perennial presidential candidate, Luis Alberto de Herrera, are strongly pro-Peron and would like to set up his type of regime in Uruguay. They are also pro-Franco and unsuccessfully advocated strict neutrality for Uruguay during the war. For the present, Uruguay's Communists—like those in the other American republics—are largely ignoring Peron in order to hammer at "Yanqui Imperialism" along with the *Herreristas*. The other major political groups remain gravely concerned about Peron's behavior.

Argentina's big stick

THE softer line toward Argentina, then, is one of expediency. It is based mainly on three things: economic necessity, the political complexion of Uruguay's legislature, and uncertainty over the course of United States foreign policy.

On the economic side, most of Uruguay's tourists come from Argentina. After Rodriguez Larreta made his "multilateral intervention" proposal to the hemisphere, the Argentine government hinted it might halt the tourist traffic to Uruguay. The Argentines never really made good their threat. If they ever did, it would be a heavy blow to Uruguay's economy.

Another factor in the economic picture is Uruguay's wheat production. At present, it is "on the margin," its fate depending on the rainfall. In good years, Uruguay has exported wheat. In bad, she has had to import it from the most logical source, Argentina. The year 1946 was bad. With Uruguay's presidential campaign just under way, Argentina decided suddenly that she could spare no wheat for her neighbor.

For a time, Uruguayans ate black bread and the *Herreristas* had a field day blaming it on Rodriguez Larreta's anti-Argentine policy. Only when the United States, responding to urgent Uruguayan requests, agreed to ship wheat 7,000 miles did Peron relent and come across. Peron had made his point anyway: He had impressed on Uruguayans how dependent they might be on Argentina if a situation ever arose where the United States could not help them.

Internal dissension

AS FOR the National Assembly, even so skilled a politician as Berreta, who climbed to the presidency from policeman and tax collector in half a century of rugged Uruguayan politics, will have trouble.

The pro-Peron *Herreristas* had much the same election-campaign material that US Republicans used last November. Exploiting the wheat situation, shortages and postwar inflation, they rolled up a whopping vote for a party that had not ruled Uruguay for 82 years. In the Senate, they will have one more seat than Berreta's so-called *Batllista* faction of the Colorado Party. In the chamber of deputies, *Batllistas* and *Herreristas* each will have 31 members. The Communists, who this time doubled their vote of four years ago, will have five deputies and one senator.

Thus, President Berreta will have to depend for his legislative program on support from the three other parties and the other two Colorado Party factions. Any attempt to sponsor a strong foreign policy with a tough stand against Peron would encounter hard going in such a hodgepodge legislature. Unless the international situation changes considerably, Berreta will not make the attempt.

But there will be sharp assembly debates on the Peron issue. Rodriguez Larreta will see to that. The outspoken ex-foreign minister is now a senator. He told me that the Senate would provide him with "an even better forum than the one I have had." He intends, he said, to devote himself to awakening the Americas to the danger of hemisphere fascism.

Yet, even the man who carried the ball so vigorously for the United States on the Argentine issue that he jeopard-

dized his own political career in Uruguay has misgivings about some of our hemisphere ideas. It would be bitter irony if Rodriguez Larreta kept up his fight against Peron only to discover one day that the United States had kissed and made up with Argentina's dictator.

Thus, the question of what the United States will do bothers all Uruguayan leaders to a greater or lesser extent. With all his affection for this country, President Berreta—slightly Left of Center himself—recognizes the danger in the spectacle of the United States swinging sharply to the Right in a world going Left. He knows that key Republicans are demanding an end to the firm policy toward Peron. He knows that Republican control of Congress could mean higher tariffs, fewer foreign loans, recessions and dubious adventures abroad, made under the "free-enterprise" banner. He knows that all these things could affect Uruguay.

The "Truman plan"

URUGUAYAN leftists, meanwhile, are positive that the present United States political trend means a new Yankee imperialism. They believe that we will soon agree to sit down with Peron to draft the Pan American military-defense treaty. They say that the conclusion of that pact and the adoption of what is known in South America as the "Truman plan" for standardization of arms, equipment and military training in the hemisphere would have two results:

☐ It would pull the American republics into an anti-Soviet bloc when most of them have nothing against Russia.

☐ It would enable the United States, as a "big brother," to push the Latin republics around at will on the grounds of a Soviet threat to the hemisphere or for other political reasons.

I asked a number of leaders of the non-Communist Left whether they thought Peron or the United States constituted the greater menace to the independence and peaceful development of the smaller South American nations like Uruguay. With one exception, they said, "North America."

On the other hand, Rodriguez Larreta's Independent National Party,

which would correspond to the liberal wing of our Republican Party on domestic affairs, scoffs at leftist talk of a new Yankee imperialism. This party is the strongest anti-Peron element in Uruguayan politics and hence, in foreign affairs, is primarily concerned about current trends in Argentina. Its leaders do not regard the United States as an economic or political threat to their country. Yet, even they fear the "Truman plan" because they believe its adoption by the Americas might enable Peron to buy all the arms he wants from the United States. Such a result, Rodriguez Larreta told me, would start an armaments race in South America which only Argentina could afford.

Not only would Uruguayans lose such a race; but the fact is that they simply are not militaristic. For years the Uruguayan army has fought wars against the insects which menace its country's crops. I got an insight into Uruguayan opinion on displays of armed force while watching naval units file past the presidential balcony on inauguration day. The number of their sailors obviously surprised many Uruguayans. A journalist standing beside me shook his head and remarked with perfect dead-pan:

"All our ships must be submarines. No one ever sees them!"

Later, the Uruguayan army took over and some light tanks purchased from the United States rolled past. This time, the journalist was angry: "Why do we spend money on such things?" he asked. "I am sure Don Tomas would rather see tractors than tanks in his inaugural parade."

Friendship for the US

THE inauguration furnished proof that Uruguayans still have much good will for the US, despite their feeling that we lack dependability in foreign policy and have let them down rather badly at times. The US cruiser *Fresno*, four destroyers and eight B-29 Super-Forts went to Montevideo for the occasion. In spite of their contempt for exhibitions of military might, the Uruguayans showed friendly interest in our ships and bombers. Few seemed to regard their presence as a subtle application of big-stick diplomacy. And the

US Navy contingent, which pulled off the worst marching job in the inaugural parade, got the biggest round of applause. The newspapers even had nice things to say about six traveling "Goldwyn Girls," spreading US culture at a Montevideo theatre.

Peron, a US problem

BUT underneath their welcome, Uruguayans remained concerned about events beyond their own modest frontiers. Like Americans, Uruguayans have heard that Argentina, which possesses both uranium and thorium, is pushing atomic research. They know better than most Americans that while Peron tightens his grip on Argentina, Nazis like Ludwig Freude, Hans Harnisch and Johann Siegfried Becker still go about in that country with the freedom they enjoyed while doing the bidding of Adolf Hitler in South America.

Uruguayans know our official policy: That we will not permit Argentina in the hemisphere-defense treaty until Peron has deported the Nazis. But they know that this policy is only negative. They believe it is bankrupt. And they know that in practice we have cut many corners. They know that while Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden has carried on the anti-Peron policy in Washington, two of his lieutenants—Ambassadors George S. Messersmith in Argentina and William D. Pawley in Brazil—have worked to have that policy scrapped. They know that a New York firm, headed by a retired general and admiral, is helping Peron launch his five-year plan, designed to expand Argentina's war potential.

Thus, they hope the United States soon will make a hard-and-fast decision on what to do—or not to do—about Argentina's Peron. At least, Uruguay then can chart her own course accordingly.

"If you want to be tough, be tough, and if you don't want to be tough, go soft, but don't waver back and forth," a Montevideo businessman told me. "The spectacle of a great nation behaving like a little kitten is not a flattering one, and that kind of behavior makes it difficult for smaller countries who would like to take their stand beside you on big issues."



Books in Review



Nothing to Fear . . .

SINCE it is becoming clearer every day that there is no greater service an American can perform for his fellow countrymen than to help them toward a sane understanding of contemporary Russia, both John Fischer's *Why They Behave Like Russians* (Harpers, \$2.75) and Edgar Snow's *Stalin Must Have Peace* (Random House, \$2.50) deserve particular attention and appreciation. Edgar Snow's contributions to our knowledge of present-day China, as well as Russia, in books which have become virtually modern classics are, of course, well known, but John Fischer's work in this important field comes as a surprise. It might have been expected, in view of pre-publication protests by his UNRRA chief, that his report on what he saw during his relief mission in the Ukraine would place him in the company of Eugene Lyons, James Burnham and William Bullitt, and there are moments in his summing up which tend mildly in that direction, but in general his book is strikingly objective, fair-minded and sympathetic.

Both authors stress the war weariness of the Russians, the gigantic losses inflicted on the Soviet economy and manpower by Nazi fury and the sense of insecurity of the Kremlin leadership, and, reading them, one is struck once more with the fantastically ironic picture of the two most vigorous and powerful states in the world heading toward war because they lack confidence in their own strength. As Fischer points out, there is genuine reason for the Russian fears. It is not just our possession and continued manufacture of the atom bomb, our hold on bases as close to the Soviet Union as Russian bases in Mexico, the West Indies and Canada would be to us, and the long record of Western military intervention and maintenance of a *cordon sanitaire*. It is also, as he says, that enemy troops have invaded Russia from the West 14 times since 1800, Minsk has

been occupied by invaders 101 times and Kiev so many times that the townspeople have lost count, while "every invader since Genghis Khan has sent spies and fifth columnists ahead of his troops." He adds:

I have walked through cities such as Poltava and Kremenchug where 80 per cent of the buildings were razed, not in battle but by notably efficient German demolition battalions. For two months I lived within half an hour's walk of the Baba Yar ravine, where 140,000 bodies from the SS death camps were dumped in layers and covered by bulldozers; bones still wash up in every thunder storm. I have talked to a farmer whose wife and children (one of them seven years old) were hanged because he fought with the Partisans, and to nurses whose hospitals were soaked with gasoline and burned with the patients screaming in their beds. These are by no means isolated cases; nearly every family in the Ukraine has its own story of German terror. If these people view the world with a certain nervous mistrust, we may think it regrettable, but we shouldn't be surprised.

SNOW is as emphatic as Fischer in reminding those of us who tend to grow curiously wistful about the postwar plight of Germany and her satellites of the extent of our recent ally's wartime suffering. He recalls that, while we were still forming an army, more Russians were killed at Stalingrad than we lost in the entire war, that their casualties in one battle at Kharkov were greater than ours in the whole struggle against Japan, that more than seven million Red Army soldiers and between five and six million Soviet civilians were killed by the Nazis and their allies, and "two dozen Russian soldiers died for every American sacrificed and about ten died for every Allied European soldier." He then suggests that, before sympathizing too warmly with satellite nations undergoing Red Army occupation, we remember that the Rumanians massacred more than 200,000 Soviet citizens in Odessa alone, that 700,000 Austrians volunteered to fight for Hitler and that the

Hungarians boasted of killing "a million Russians."

The tremendous hardships that the Russian people suffered during the war were merely the climax of 30 rigorous and cruel years during which the Soviet Union, capable of standing off the great Nazi military machine at its peak, was painfully constructed on the ruins of Czarist weakness, ignorance and medievalism. Now, as an aftermath of successful war, they are faced with another 10 or 15 years of equally hard living, in a period when they might well have expected to enjoy some of the fruits of victory and social progress. That, as Fischer says "is a great deal to ask of anybody, even a people as durable and patient as the Russians." The result is an emotional crisis in Soviet life, which is recognized not only by Fischer and Snow, but by another recent sympathetic observer, Richard Lauterbach. It is no easy thing for the Russian millions, with their natural tendency to relax after the coming of peace, to tighten their belts once more, try to regain their old emotional ardor and start rebuilding their world, nor is it surprising that the leaders, whom Fischer calls "the scared men in the Kremlin," have felt it necessary to renew their old propaganda efforts of exhortation, warning and threat in the hope of recapturing the emotional spirit of the prewar Five-Year Plans.

There are other reasons why the Kremlin officials might well be worried, or, as Fischer says, "scared." For all their great achievements in construction, they know that the living standard at home is lower than that in various capitalist lands which have been observed by thousands of Soviet troops, even though Fischer believes that the over-all standard of living among Ukrainian farmers "is considerably higher than that of the average sharecropper in our Southern cotton states." They know that, despite the heroism of Russian resistance, there were so many dissident groups that whole populations

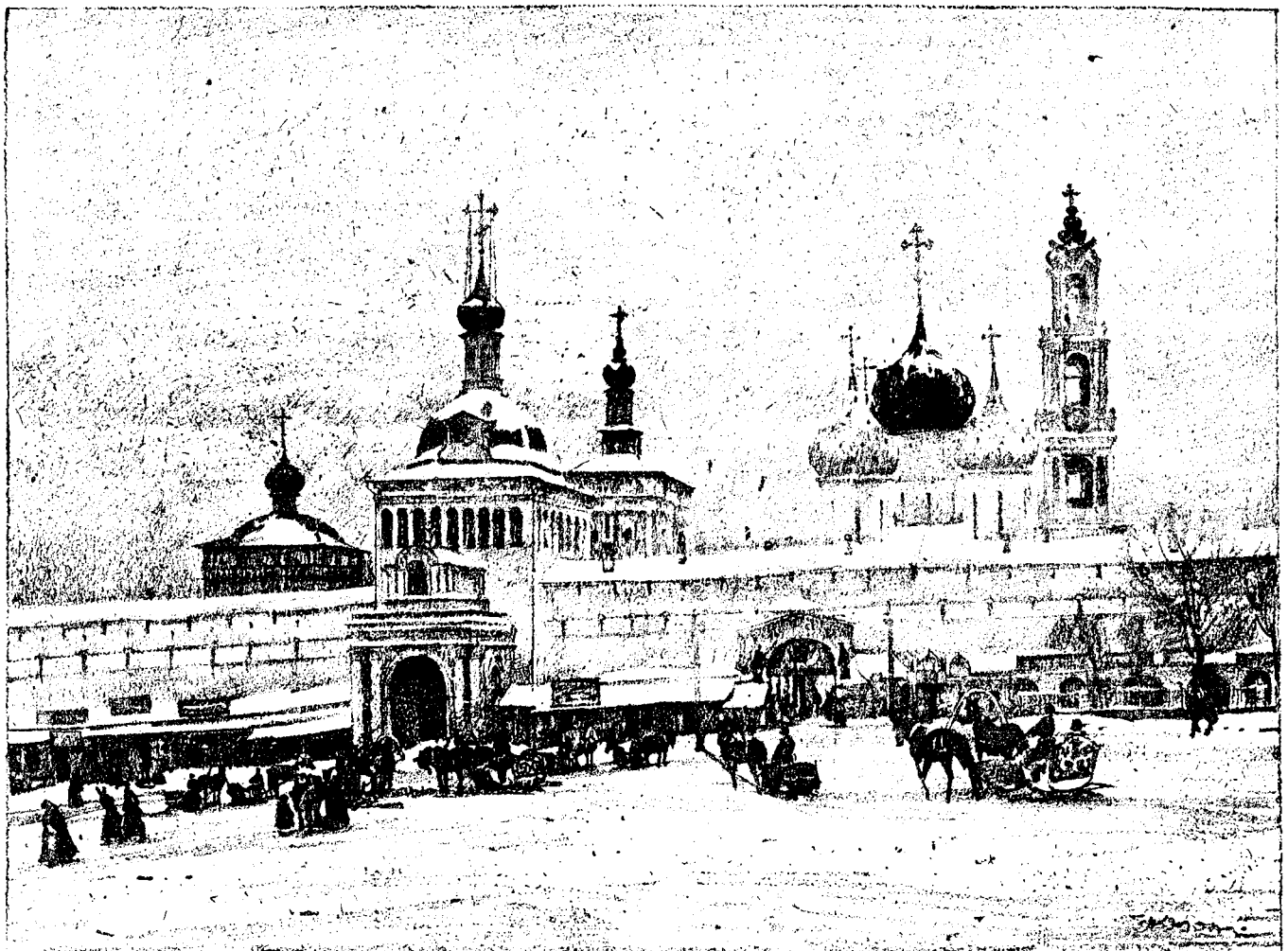
of dubious districts had to be transported. Furthermore, there is no disputing the fact that, while, for all the frequently noisy chauvinism of *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, no talk of war comes from Moscow, the increasing vehemence of such influential Soviet-haters as the Hearst press, Bullitt, Earle and growing voices in Congress does include a lot of talk about the necessity of an atomic "preventive" war against the USSR before it has recovered its strength. Russian fear of war would appear to have a certain basis in reason, even though Snow effectively demolishes Walter Lippmann's belief that Stalin, in a widely quoted speech, "made the decision to make military power his first objective."

IF both *Why They Behave Like Russians* and *Stalin Must Have Peace* present convincing reasons for the Russian distrust of us and, despite

the Soviet strength and record of achievement, a self-doubt of their own power, as compared to ours, which verges on an inferiority complex, the two books also cause the reader to wonder why we, in turn, seem to develop a lack of self-confidence and an inferiority complex equal to theirs when we contemplate the Russians. Theirs comes out in truculence, bad manners, suspiciousness and a sullen determination to make it as hard as possible for those who want to be their friends. Ours takes the form of accepting it as inevitable that every progressive force, every popular cause in opposition to feudalism, is automatically on the side of the USSR and that only the decadent reactionaries of the world, whether in China, Greece or Turkey, could possibly be on our side. John Fischer grows indignant about the brutality of Russian methods in Eastern Europe and he is particularly harsh concerning the

current government of Poland, but he admits that we are "betraying our own cause" when we "prop up a Franco in Spain, an Ubico in Latin America and a corrupt gang of Kuomintang landlords in China," and he would be happier if we would "make it clear that we are not backing the fascist remnants in Poland, Rumania and Hungary," a step which certainly seems unlikely at present.

NEITHER author attempts any whitewashing of the Soviet Union. What makes their books sympathetic is that the glaring defects they find in the USSR are not necessarily attributed to melodramatic evil or Marxist villainy but are seen in the light of Russian historical development. That Russia is a police state, is almost pathologically suspicious of foreigners and lacks Western democratic liberties are ugly facts, but they look less sinister when



National Council of American-Soviet Friendship

it is recalled that she has had a secret political police since the days of Ivan the Terrible, that suspicion of foreigners was a matter of policy in Czarist days and that the Russians lack the tradition of free suffrage that we sometimes appear to admire more in Poland and Bulgaria than in Georgia or Mississippi. Snow's book is particularly effective in showing how orthodox Soviet doctrine is constantly being modified by practical, pragmatic experience, but there is nothing in it more illuminating than that the *Saturday Evening Post* felt called upon to apologize when it consented to publish the factual and informative chapters in its fine, free pages.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Atoms for All

WHEN the late Susan Stebbing wrote her celebrated polemic, *Philosophy and the Physicists*, directed mainly against the technical works of Jeans and Eddington, she complained that, while each was capable of lucid and straightforward exposition, "both these writers approach their task through an emotional fog; they present their views with an amount of personification and metaphor that reduces them to the level of revivalist preachers."

Now Dr. Stebbing surely had a point and more than a point in deploring the practice of injecting religion and philosophy into laymen's guidebooks through space, time and gravitation. The subject's edges are fuzzy enough without adding misty profundities. On the other hand, anyone who has sampled the mass of popular-science tripe on the atom dished out to the American public since Hiroshima must conclude that, even with religion thrown in, a book on atomic energy by a Jeans or an Eddington would make an enormously welcome addition to the customary fare.

Selig Hecht, a distinguished biophysicist at Columbia University, in *Explaining the Atom* (Viking, \$2.75) has provided us with a book on that high level. It is, in my opinion, a first-class job of popularization—clear, unpretentious, written at the right pace, free of condescension and without metaphysics. "This is a book," writes Dr. Hecht in his preface, "for the complete layman." It

follows the steps that were taken historically in going from the earliest questions about the nature of common substance to the large-scale liberation of atomic energy. The number of these steps is small, and the ideas involved are simple. They can be described in all their essentials without assuming any knowledge of physics, chemistry and mathematics.

The promise is well kept. There are no unpleasant surprises of the kind encountered so frequently in other so-called writing for the layman, where, just as the reader is beginning to get the hang of things, comes an equation, a puzzling footnote or an abstruse excursion (with apologies), with the result that the book goes on the shelf as an item of conspicuous consumption instead of discharging its function of enlightenment.

The historical account of the evolution of present concepts of the atom is excellent. It demolishes the popular conception with its three principal elements described by Hecht as: "the secret of the longhair, the President's gamble, and the position of the General."

That there is no "secret" is what the scientists have been telling us, including the members of Congress, for the past 18 months. But here Hecht makes the conclusion unassailable. "Atomic energy was known and evaluated in 1900; the basic equation was written in 1905." The mass-spectrograph and gaseous diffusion, the two principal devices for separating U-235 from U-238, had been invented *before the First World War*. The principle of the chain reaction was shared in knowledge by the scientists of many countries as early as 1939. If a remnant of a secret was left, we gave it away in July, 1945.

HECHT's clear account of the work done during the war serves as a reminder of one of the more comic aspects of the government's policy of compartmenting scientists so that no one man "would know too much." Harold

Urey, who received the Nobel Prize for discovering heavy water, was put to work under the Army's Manhattan District Project developing uranium-separation methods. Out at the Metallurgical Laboratory at Chicago, heavy water was needed in unprecedentedly large amounts for use in an experimental pile. When du Pont was called in to produce the

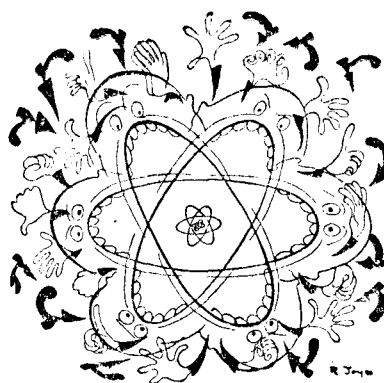
heavy water, it asked to have Dr. Urey as a consultant. This was vetoed by the authorities on the ground it would take Urey outside the compartment assigned to him. Thus heavy water had to be made without the advice of the man who knew more about it than anyone

in the world. For this policy the Office of Scientific Research and Development, an all-civilian agency, was even more responsible than the War Department. The result was that not only did the left hand not know what the right hand was doing, but each hand repeatedly got in the other's way. Hecht, with admirable restraint, points out that this policy "interfered with the rapid progress of our work."

BUT, as was revealed in the legislative hearings before the Senate Atomic Energy Committee, had the scientists not deliberately violated compartmentation rules and had participating British scientists, who were under no such senseless interdict, not acted as middlemen and accessories in the "crime," the project might well not have reached its successful conclusion. Looking at the world in the second year of the atomic age may perhaps give rise to regret that the policy was not rigidly adhered to.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

James R. Newman, a senior editor of the New Republic, was counsel to the Senate Special Committee on Atomic Energy and has served as scientific adviser to other government agencies. He is the author of *Tools of War*, and, with Edward Kasner, of *Mathematics and the Imagination*. He edited the new edition of *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*, by William Kingdon Clifford.



High Principles, Low Style

JOHN MCPARTLAND'S *Sex in Our Changing World* (Rinehart, \$2.75) is a brassy account of what the author calls "the most tremendous social change ever recorded," the revolution in America's sex habits in the last three decades.

As a historian, McPartland is given to such sweeping generalizations; as a statistician he is equally bold. We are blandly informed that the "probable rate" of abortions for the nation is two million. This nice round number was apparently arrived at on the sole evidence of the number of abortions performed daily in one Chicago "mill." He gives no authority for his statement that by 1946 "premarital chastity declined to a point where only one bride in four retained her virginity." Along with the authors of the recent *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*, he puts emphasis on the impact of the industrial revolution on the sexual life, but he is surely carrying his economic interpretation of history a little far when he writes, "The back seat of the automobile became unsatisfactory for lovers of our time—it provided neither room nor the proper basis for love—and this dissatisfaction became part of the reason for the great growth of the tourist cabin, the motel and the transient hotel."

But when McPartland confines himself to observing American people in one of the more important of their activities, he adds valuably to the record of our national life. In a chapter entitled "Eight Honest People," the simple record of interviews tells more about

sex mores today than his final chapter, "Whither Sex," where sententiousness and hope combine to predict a bright future.

McPartland (his publishers know only that he was a newspaperman, has done sociological research work, a survey for the Department of Labor and private studies of urban life) belongs to an old tradition in American popular culture: the amateur with a vast store of first-hand information and an equal amount of not-quite-digested book learning. In addition, like his predecessors in a long line from Mather to Mencken, he is a moralist. One could wish, however, that he had been as long on style as he is on morals. It is shocking to discover sentiments at times as noble as those of Freud or Havelock Ellis clothed in a noisy and vulgar prose. And, disgracefully, the book has no index, which, of course, considerably reduces its possible value as a work of reference.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

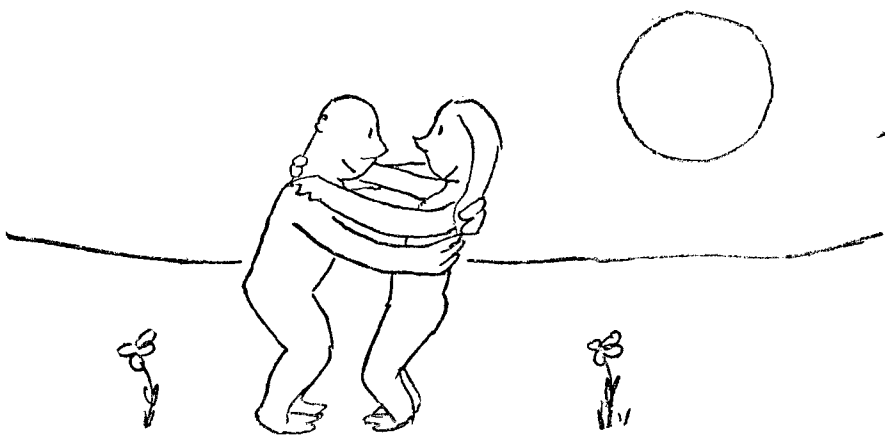
Fiction Parade

DURING the war and the subsequent occupation abroad, the horde of correspondents attached to the military and the writers enlisted in the Armed Forces have swarmed over Europe as avid as any GI, picking up themes for souvenirs. The next few years promise a production of "European" literature by itinerant journalists comparable to the great expatriation of 25 years ago.

Robert Neumann's *Children of Vienna* (Dutton, \$2.75) describes a representative band of Europe's dispossessed "wild" children, huddled together in a ruined cellar of "a fictitious setting

which I call Vienna but which could be anywhere east of the Meridian of Despair." They live by stripping the corpse of the city: looting, robbing, pimping, thugging—and then running. Their plight is told mostly through a continuous dialogue of hair-raising precocity. Two young girls are discussing life over a cup of dried turnip-peel tea: "I am fed up with corpses." "I like . . . real love. Not rape." Into this nursery peers the Reverend Hoseah Washington Smith of Jesus Church, near Claxtonville, Louisiana, a Negro chaplain with the American Army, to discover that "this was how the Lord God's creatures could live and still keep alive." He plans to take them from Vienna to Switzerland and a new life and enjoys as naïvely as they this brief respite of hope. But this incident scarcely interrupts the impressive account of their existence and of the characters with which they meet it: lethargic, fierce, proud, knowing and dying.

My Past Was an Evil River, by George Millar (Doubleday, \$2.50), is the story of a remote valley in the German Tyrol which had managed to escape the immediate ravages of war. But after the surrender an assortment of disparate characters scuttle there for safety, only to come face to face in that cul-de-sac and fight it out among themselves. The cast is familiar; perhaps it is the typical American writer's concept of the European types. There is canny Gustave, a French ex-prisoner of war who has settled in the valley to find peace. He is the philosophical observer who tells the story. Willy Wiedemeyer, a Goeringesque sybarite, formerly of Hitler's intimate circle, hides in the valley with his wife and beautiful daughters to lie low until he can collect his wits and his scattered loot. Kurt, the fanatic pure Nazi, who doesn't know the war is finished, leads a band of guerrillas in the mountains and blames Wiedemeyer's type for the "betrayal" of the army. In the background is the American Army of occupation, seen this time, and quite convincingly, from the other side, as the "enemy," the unknown element. The action makes a fast and engaging story, but compared with *Children of Vienna*, this book is an idyll. Whether Wiedemeyer gets Kurt or



© by James Thurber

The Last Flower, Harper and Brothers

Kurt gets Wiedemeyer is as remote as the imaginary valley where they destroy each other.

The "Route" in Godfrey Blunden's *A Room on the Route* (Lippincott, \$3) is a straight road from the Kremlin, built for fast travel to the country houses of prominent government officials. The characters in the book, who live on the Route, on the very highway of Stalinist power, are for the most part disenchanted old-time Bolsheviks or rebellious anarchists united by their terror and frustration and all known to Ferguson, a member of the American Legation in Moscow, whose curiosity about and concern for them is the impulse of the book. His curiosity subjects the reader to some rudimentary instruction on the Kremlin, the German Pact and the Moscow Trials. His concern for them is necessarily limited to ineffectual agonizing over their plight: fugitives at home with nowhere to flee, under the constant surveillance of a secret police which believes "better ten innocent men die than one guilty man go free." The characters gradually decay, from no cause so much as the corrupting atmosphere of cynicism, suspicion, suspense and terror. Ferguson, as he watches, is beyond political curiosity or moral outrage, and is reduced with his doomed companions to "dry gutless grippless seedless fathomless meandering despair."

THIS "despair" is a recurrent characteristic of the books here considered. While no one would question the desperate plight of the population "east of the Meridian of Despair," the emotional deadlock of their reporters is something else again. It is characterized by a professional mindlessness that stops short at an exhaustive compilation of data. Data, not evidence, since the compilers aren't concerned with inference and draw no conclusions. Admittedly, behind such reports there does seem to be an occupational faith in the significance of mere facts: if you say everything you're pretty sure to mean something. No one hankers after a gush of editorial finalities or easy opinion, but it is curious that these reporters give no evidence of a discriminatory political intelligence (apart from political

affiliations). Perhaps in their guise as novelists they feel that such concerns have nothing to do with the practice of fiction, but fiction of this kind must be interesting chiefly as document: simply as a curious report of the human plight it verges on the human-interest story of the pathological and the pathetic.

A NOVEL of the French Resistance, *Write Sorrow on the Earth*, has been written by Charles Wertenbaker (Holt, \$2.75), but the political ideologies and military exploits are subordinated to the fortunes of the three principal characters. Paul Boissière, a former professor, is the brains of a band of *maquis* in southern France. His intimate companion in this life is a young Spanish Republican who is sent to Paris to recover from a shattering experience of torture at the hands of the Germans. Here he meets Paul's wife, and when the older man visits her later he realizes that he has been betrayed by the two people he loved. Under this shock and double-edged pain he works out an understanding of his own life and character as a basis for a new relationship with his wife and friend. He returns to military life, but although more than a third of the book remains, the effect is lopsided and anti-climactic after this resolution. And when the story closes on a further decision, heroic and spectacu-

lar, it seems to have ended already at the first.

THE Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen *Aurora Dawn*, by Herman Wouk (Simon and Schuster, \$2.75), as one of its two May selections. This is the ultimate publicity for a book about advertising that advertises itself in frequent asides to the reader. Here the author explains the action of the novel (which he calls a "mock-heroic chronicle"), interpolates some "philosophical" rib-poking and puffs the book as an audacious novelty which must be a real treat to its readers, whom he addresses in constant apostrophes as "dear reader," "curious readers," "good friend." The story that manages to squeeze through is about a gigantic scheme to advertise "Aurora Dawn," a soap, and, incidentally, the random fortunes of "our hero" and his two competing heroines, one a "black-haired heiress" and the other a "luscious, golden-haired model." The whole is embellished by a tongue-in-the-cheek "high" style which the publishers think "sounds as if it had been written with an ostrich quill in an eighteenth-century coffee shop." If it's a matter of an appropriate mechanism, such latter-day banalities and archaic whimsies should have been written with a fountain pen under water.

JOHN FARRELY

BOOK CLUB SELECTIONS FOR MAY

BOOK FIND CLUB. *Stalin Must Have Peace*, by Edgar Snow. Reviewed in this issue.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB. Dual Selection. *Aurora Dawn*, by Herman Wouk, and *Why They Behave Like Russians*, by John Fischer. Reviewed in this issue.

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB. *Mountain Time*, by Bernard DeVoto. Another psychological novel, dealing this time with a doctor and a singer whose careers have smashed and how together they work out their salvation.

LITERARY GUILD. *The Tin Flute*, by Gabrielle Roy. A novel about French Canada just before and during the early years of the war. This realistic study of lower-class life is quite a departure from the Guild's familiar diet of historical romance.

NON-FICTION BOOK CLUB. Dual Selection. *Behind the Silken Curtain*, by Bartley C. Crum. An account of his participation in the work of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry Regarding the Problems of European Jewry and Palestine, this "is a vigorous and outspoken presentation of the Jewish case." (Richard Watts Jr., the *New Republic*, April 14.) *Explaining the Atom*, by Selig Hecht. Reviewed in this issue.

PEOPLE'S BOOK CLUB. One-volume edition of *Out on a Limb* and *Party Line*, by Louise Baker. Reprinting of two popular books, autobiography and light fiction respectively.



United Nations News



Spring Housecleaning

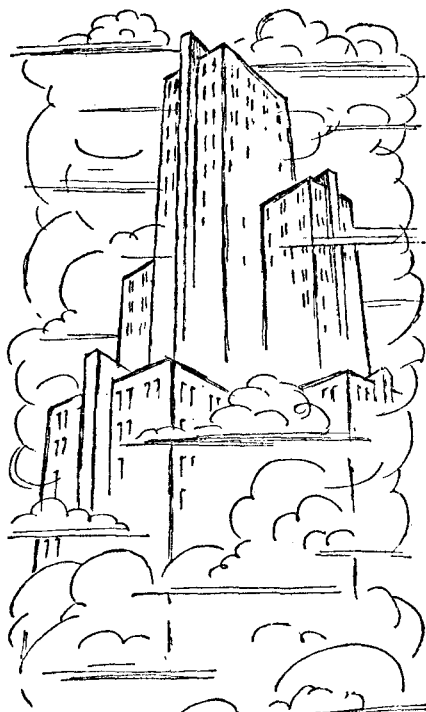
WHEN the UN closed the New York City building at Flushing Meadow last December at the end of the General Assembly, it did a thorough job. No one had any idea that the furniture would have to be dusted and arranged, the phones connected and the doors unlocked four short months later. But despite limited time and a few unpredictables, physical preparations for the special Assembly to deal with Palestine will be completed in time to hold the first meeting on April 28.

Eight people working eight hours a day for two weeks before the opening are airing the building, uncovering the furniture, arranging the rooms, cleaning the floors, polishing the bar, filling the drinking fountains and placing checks in the coatrooms. Actually the arrangements for this session were nowhere near so complicated as those for last fall's session. The problem was one of spring housecleaning rather than complete reorganization.

But as the UN prepared for its special session the phone strike hit. Maintenance men, repair men and operators were on strike as the UN sought to have its 200 phones hooked up, its cables and circuits checked, its teletype machines installed. As we go to press, neither the strike nor the UN problem has been resolved, but the telephone company has promised to do its best. As for the newspapers, they may not suffer as much as might be expected. The UN hopes to get "off-premise extensions" for them. In that way the *Herald Tribune*, for example, could pick up a phone at Flushing Meadow and a light would flash on its switchboard in Manhattan.

Food for the cafeteria and the press sandwich-bar will be supplied by the same caterers who feed the Secretariat every day at Lake Success. Paper and general supplies at Lake Success are adequate for a General Assembly session, so that the purchasing problem is practically nil.

Moreover, this will be a relatively small session. The regular Assembly had five delegates from each nation and a total of 1,012 persons attached to delegations. There were some 1,500 press people around, plus the Secretariat staff, plus the general public, plus the security forces. The personnel of the special session will be limited to two delegates per nation and will wind up with about one-third the number of persons handled at the regular session.



The new UN site was officially turned over to the world peace organization with a bang last Sunday. It was a warm, sunny day and an international crowd jammed the former playground at Forty-second Street and Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. An hour of dancing, provided by the Parks Playgrounds, and music, provided by city bands, preceded the official presentation and acceptance speeches. The kids from the neighborhood who had been displaced from their playground by the UN moved across the street to another spot but managed to hit a few baseballs to within ducking distance of the UN fiesta.

Smokestacks passed by on the river; Trygve Lie sweltered noticeably on the platform; the crowd stood, yelled "sit down," stood again in a vain effort to see the dancers. Four spectators looked down placidly on the performance from the second-story windows of Swift's United Dressed Beef Warehouse next door, clearly the best available seats. The band music bounced back from the only modern building on the site—the unfinished Housing Authority building next door to the playground, the building the UN expects to lease on completion and buy later.

It is expected that this building will be finished by July 1. It will have 55,000 square feet of usable floor space and will probably house the UN's Military Staff Committee (which is costing the organization a pretty penny at the Henry Hudson Hotel) and Wallace Harrison and his architects, who might be expected to have some on-the-spot work to do.

THERE is an outfit across from the new UN site that may or may not prove a menace to the conception of world peace. It is the Globe Slicing Machine Company, 805 First Avenue.

JANE BEDELL



THE BRAVE NEW WORLD OF TURTLE BAY



Farm



Notes on Gardening

A FEW YEARS ago when I was living on a hill farm in upstate New York, Otis and Goldie Pendle, my closest neighbors, took me and some friends from the city down in their basement and showed us their canned-food supply.

Otis, who worked in a nearby war plant, remarked, "If I lost my job I figure we've got enough food to last us two years. War or no war, the Pendles are going to eat. And most of this food came from our garden."

My city friends were impressed, but they were aghast at the idea of the work involved in growing and canning.

"Such drudgery!" said my city friend's wife. "The hard work would kill me."

At that time she was working all day in a hot office to supplement her husband's salary.

Home gardeners like my friend work in the garden because they enjoy it. Because gardening makes them "feel good," more and more Americans are trying to arrange their lives so they can get a little clean soil under their fingernails, and at this time of year their fingers are itching to get started again.

An important thing to remember in growing things is that every spot of earth differs somewhat from every other spot. Two garden plots lying close together may require different treatment. One may be acid, one may be poorly drained. And you can't be a successful gardener unless you pay attention not only to the fertility of the soil but to its texture.

Jump dumping on a lot of fertilizers won't do. Go very slow on artificial fertilizers. Many a city gardener has invested his work and money to no purpose because he burned up his plants with chemicals. Remember that nature is a pretty good gardener herself and she does it the organic way. Most soils, unless they have been ruined by leaching and erosion, require little artificial fertilizer, but such soils require large quantities of organic matter. If you can scare

up enough wastes, it is a good idea to "manufacture" needed organic material by means of a compost heap. The best book I know on composts is J. I. Rodale's *Pay Dirt* (Devin-Adair, New York, 1945).

Next to the "drudgery," insects and plant diseases frighten people away from gardening. Every growing thing has to run the gantlet of a score or more deadly enemies any one of which may devour or kill it. But there are remedies, and for most pests there is a spray, a dust or a mixture which may be put on the plant or into the ground to take care of the situation.

MOST small gardeners stick to crops like tomatoes, snap beans, lettuce, radishes, onions and broccoli, which don't require much space, and leave out potatoes, sweet corn, watermelons and cantaloupes, which need room.

Tomatoes, by the way, are usually first on the small gardener's list. The tomato, feared as a poison by our grandmothers, probably yields more in good eating per hour of effort than any other crop. Kentucky wonder beans run tomatoes a close second. If you have only a small vegetable garden, it will pay you to put a large part of it into these crops.

Good seed and plants (which inexperienced gardeners are advised to buy and not raise) are important in warding off disease and will give you the best yields if you tend them properly. Plants from hybrid seed are getting to be all the rage now. Last year new experimental hybrid tomato plants in Connecticut produced one-third to one-half more fruit in the early picking season than the standard varieties. Hybrids generally produce more freely and have often been found more resistant to diseases and insects.

An excellent book, *The Lazy Gardener*, by William Pryor (Longmans, Green, New York), has just come off the press. It combines a lively humor and an easy-to-read style with a lot of information. City folk who have a yen for gardening but are scared of drudgery will be interested in the chapter, "Gardening in Bed." Flower lovers will like the book, and there are a number of chapters on vegetables and one on herbs.

Pryor is a dirt, not a book, gardener. He mulches a good deal to reduce weed pulling as well as to save moisture and is not inclined to work himself to death on his shrubs, vegetables and flowers, preferring to let them grow without too much discipline. This kind of gardening is more to my liking than was my father's, who had a vegetable garden of an acre and who kept his fence rows as clean as his corn rows.

Speaking of printed matter, I have found that government bulletins have been invaluable. A good one for beginners is "Growing Vegetables in Town and City" (US Department of Agriculture, Miscellaneous Publication No. 538). This pamphlet contains a list of all the State Agricultural Experiment Stations. Remember that your state agricultural college can furnish you information that you can't get anywhere else.

Don't get the idea you have to be an expert to be a gardener. Anybody who can read and walk and has two hands can be a gardener in a few easy lessons. You can't learn it all, though. The old gardeners will tell you that every year they learn something new.

ANGUS McDONALD





Theatre



Final Experiment

THE concluding venture of the Experimental Theatre, Inc., came off not too well, to put it softly in the face of considerable vituperation in the press. "Virginia Reel" (Princess Theatre) might be a novel, and as things go these days, a fair novel, and with a bit of obscenity—which it omits at present—a successful novel. If one added the idea that these wretched mountain people could be saved by a system of economics and proper housing and educators sent from Washington, we might even have an important item of solid folk saga and theorist-rot, more praised and less sensible, though sensible in a kind of despairing fashion. As a play, "Virginia Reel" is quite another matter.

The first act, as John and Harriett Weaver have written it, seems quite promising. The motivations have a certain truth rooted in our general human character. The speech has a certain authenticity, based on that of the Virginia mountains and North Carolina, which long ago I used to know pretty well from staying there months at a time. Many of these spoken rhythms are fluent and touching; their source is the ancient English speech, half forgotten in the midst of our mongrel-democratic and aggressive Broadway. The several stories that combine to muss up the plot as such are stories with some verve and application. But as the play gathers itself into its total fuddle, very little comes out. The poor actors have to go in many directions at once; they are far better written as local types than they are as figures in a play. As for these figures, they belong by turns to the native soil, to balladry, to sociological investigators and to a kind of lyrical picnic of mountaineer feeling.

In this first act we learn that the town is promised a boom with a factory coming. The Senator says as much; Ernie Brunk, the local politician, preys on it all; the store run by Henry Haskins, the old drunk, and his daughter Creed (Barbara Leeds) is to be born again; the

sister who went off years ago to work in factories and had to sin to supplement her wages, comes back at the invitation of Creed's lover, who wants to get her out of the store. Then the boom collapses, the factory goes elsewhere, the juke box and other items that have come to the store must be returned, the Widow Curtis—sister to the widow in "Tobacco Road" if you like, but not so frankly written, though no worse acted by Reta Shaw—has lost her insurance money; Creed, who hates to leave the work of years in her wandering sister's hands, at last yields both her love and her hate to impulse and goes off with her lover, agreeably presented by James Daly.—Curtain.

THE players are fair enough; Jimsey Somers as the frightful juvenile is a find for Hollywood, and Robert Emhardt as the politician gives a fair performance; nobody is really better or worse than we might expect on Broadway. The one player with genuine reality is Barbara Leeds, as Creed Haskins, the young woman torn between the practical world of hardship and affairs, love, jealousy, energy and devotion. As it is written, the part is not clearly enough defined for most observers to see where Miss Leeds ends and the part begins. The result is that this is an ungrateful role in which it is rash, however generous, for any young actress to appear. What significant acting she does is not likely to be seen, and what she does not do—a most important element in the acting problem—is almost certain to be overlooked.

Miss Leeds's problem is to enact the play scene by scene—since the scenes do not exactly hang together for the audience; and this intensity of character, which is the only way to save it, she creates with a remarkable talent. The key to such a performance lies in sincerity of approach; the result in technical instinct or bounce. For some reason, based on managerial nonsense, Miss Leeds was not allowed to be as effective-looking as she might have been—any

theatre eye could see that. And in her case—even if honest intention, passionate impulse and strict will are nothing—she was ready for a more or less brilliant impact. She presented one of the very few real talents of the season. It will indeed be a dull Broadway or Hollywood that lets such a player escape them, a player who has intensity, a certain pathos and loveliness, a real rapport.

THERE now arises the question of the contribution that the Experimental Theatre, Inc., has thus far in its primal season made to our national theatre—an absurd phrase, since we have nothing of the kind except under a lot of capital letters meaning little outside the professional racket. The contribution that an experimental theatre could make would have to be in new forms, new thoughts that required such forms—since, as Spenser—quoting Plato through Ficino in Florence—has told us in the sixteenth century, soul is form and doth the body make. This venture at the Princess has got nowhere as regards souls and forms; it has largely presented efforts not good enough for Broadway and too good for nowhere.

The comparison inevitably arises as to how these five plays presented line up beside the plays of the original Provincetown Players, the Washington Square Players and the early Theatre Guild. The answer to that is very simple: the answer is that they do not compare at all. Neither the plays nor the productions can at all be compared to those events. There has been nothing so far from the Experimental Theatre that could interest anything but a patient intelligence, and so, I imagine, think those in charge of it, for their list is not one of imbeciles, though a certain number of mere arrivistes have managed to be on it, as might be expected. With regard to the whole matter, however, a straight argument can be made. The two epochs are different. A tremendous effort may now be necessary to get the theatre even a small way back to where we were twenty years ago; and the Experimental Theatre can claim that at least it has in mind such an effort. I cannot say it has such people as were working and believing then, but where are such people to be found?

STARK YOUNG



Radio

*Play Ball!*

YOUR radio reporter was having a tough time. The weekly sermon, its text presumably based on what's new, fresh or vigorous in radio, threatened to turn into a dull, depressing dissertation. But along came Old Gold cigarettes, Ballantine's ale and Pabst's Blue Ribbon beer. The day, the preachment, the season were saved. For those are the generous firms which, in my listening area, bring me respectively Red Barber, Mel Allen and Frankie Frisch.

It was exactly 1:55 p.m. At Ebbets Field the Dodgers were playing a pre-season game against the Yanks, while at the Polo Grounds the Giants met the Braves. One could turn the dial from WHN to WINS to WMCA, snatch a few words here, a howl of the crowd there, a bit of color at the third spot. The season had not yet opened, but already baseball was on the air!

The morning paper had brought me word that Ilya Ehrenburg was unhappy with the State Department's short-wave broadcasts, labeled "The Voice of America." But has the stern Russian friend ever heard the voice of Red Barber when the bases were loaded and Stanky took his stance at the plate? Did he ever taste the exquisite pleasure of Mel Allen's cadence, skillfully projected *under* the mob's roar as Jackie Robinson, first Negro player to cross the majors' color line, drove home Brooklyn's third run? Does he know that the very Frankie Frisch who this moment reports from the Polo Grounds is the former Fordham Flash whose tone is to us mellifluous even when he does pronounce his own team's name as "Gints"?

Come with me to the office of Radio Reports, where it is possible (if you know a radio editor) to hear playbacks of the baseball broadcasts from a dozen cities. Here, indeed, is democracy at work. Hear Harry Heilman at Detroit, or Jack Graney in Cleveland. You may not have liked Arch McDonald's politics, or for that matter the way he

handled the World Series on the air last fall. But hear him now in Washington and note his proficiency—and Washington's our country's capital, gentlemen, and Senators and Supreme Court Justices tune in on Arch. Do you prefer Jim Britt in Boston, perhaps? Boston likes him. Or listen to this. Here speaks a gentleman known only to the New York Times Index as Jerome Herman Dean. To us he is Dizzy, and the term is not derogatory. And this that Dizzy Dean speaks is not code broadcast to guerrillas hiding in the hills of his native Arkansas. No, this is Dean broadcasting the doings of either the Cards or the Browns:

"... The runner just slud into third safely, but he was awmost throwed out, the lucky stiff." ... "Just look how calmly and confidentially the batter is standing up down there next to the plate." ... "The side is out and the runners are left at their respectable places."

Is there anything closer to our grass roots than baseball broadcasting? There were times, in the infancy of radio, when the airing of baseball games throughout the season was attempted by the networks. There were Giants in those days, and we're not referring to the Polo Grounds gang. Let's see what happened to them. Graham McNamee is in baritone heaven. His sidekick, Phillips Carlin, is now programming vice-president for the Mutual network. I don't know what happened to Major Andy White since he tried to buck the Radio Corporation of America and the National Broadcasting Company back in the twenties by becoming president of a new, upstart network; but I know that that network is now the Columbia Broadcasting System, and White's real rise to national popularity came via baseball broadcasting. Ted Husing, too, has dropped out of baseball radio during the season, but he's doing very nicely, thank you—about \$200,000 worth a year, in fact—as a disc jockey in New York.

Barber and Allen, Frisch and Dean and the other voices of baseball today had not yet dreamed of attaining oracular status when McNamee and Carlin and White and Husing were the rage. But they are on more solid ground now. Baseball broadcasting now comes to the listeners chiefly through non-network, local stations. There are excellent business reasons for that phenomenon, and I'll conduct a private seminar any rainy day this season for those readers who crave for the minutiae.

THE \$325,000 or so that the Old Gold people spend for Red Barber's reportage on the Dodgers may look like shrewd business to those who are disposed to suspect benevolence. Sure Red Barber helps sell cigarettes. It's conceded—boasted, in fact—that he also helps pack Ebbets Field. But he is more than just a salesman or just a voice confined to a local station. Like baseball himself, he is a national institution, just as the Dodgers are, just as Brooklyn is. I recall a Webster cartoon wherein a fat gent, with a portable radio on the bleacher seat next to him, was obviously annoying his neighbors. Said the gentleman to his exasperated bench-mates: "Well, y'see, this way I can watch *this* game an' listen to th' Dodgers at th' same time." And that cartoon was syndicated nationally; and it was not only understood, it was applauded. For Red Barber is a hero.

Red Barber—as well as any of the others whom I have mentioned herein—know their baseball, too. They not only talk baseball, they live it. McNamee—may his spirit never haunt me for these words—was showier, flashier,



more excited than these moderns. But he never had time to know the players intimately, to know not only their batting averages or field records but also how they got along with their wives, how many kids they had, their proficiency at hobbies ranging from dice to Chaucer, and where they stood on the Frank Sinatra v. Lee Mortimer affair.

Today's broadcasters of our national game on the local level know. Barber, Allen, Frisch—the same is probably true of your local heroes—have covered that rookie pitcher, or that new shortstop whose uniform is still too clean, ever since a scout first spotted the kid in Muskogee. Consequently, when this same youngster is described on the air, the description is apt to be a sharp etching. And the ballcaster has no script in front of him, either. He ad libs, but expertly, with genuine knowledge. No, he's not as showy as McNamee. But he's solid.

WHAT were those doubts which disturbed, those evils which portended before the hour of 1:55 p.m.? I was going to needle the National Association of Broadcasters. I was going to go into further detail on the shortsightedness of the networks, which insist on refusing to recognize writers as human beings—with the result that the Radio Writers' Guild has voted in favor of strike authorization by a vote of 983 to 32. These, and other matters of genuine importance and deep social significance, were to fill my column this week. But right now, if you will pardon me, I have other business. There is an important show I must hear on WQXR. Yes, that's the station that specializes in the best symphonic music. Yes, here is Mozart's symphony No. 40 in G minor that comes now to a glorious finale. To be sure, the next number is, indeed, the Wieniawski concerto, the second at that, in D minor. But it's the station break for which I wait with such impatience. Why? Haven't you heard? Do you know who sponsors WQXR's "Symphonic Matinee," seven days a week, from 4:05 p.m. to 5? You don't? Well, hold on to your galluses, citizen. It's the New York Yankees. I want to hear the score, and I don't mean Wieniawski's.

SAUL CARSON



Labor



Crisis in Coal

RECENT editorial outcries against John L. Lewis offer an excellent chance to examine where Lewis stands, and where the United Mine Workers stand, after being hit with a Supreme Court blockbuster and then kicked in the teeth when Lewis tried to fight back with an abortive "safety strike." The journalistic heat against Lewis, one fears, again obscured the basic facts about coal mining. Because of these basic facts, time fights on Lewis' side.

This does not mean that Lewis is morally in the clear for denouncing Secretary Krug as guilty of "criminal negligence" in the Centralia mine disaster. Krug effectively pointed out that the Krug-Lewis agreement, under which coal has been mined during government operation, gave miners' safety committees a clear right to complain of unsafe working conditions. No complaints had come, Krug said, from the Centralia miners' committee, and the UMW had seldom mentioned safety in conferences.

The Centralia disaster, a federal report states, was due to insufficient "rock dusting," which would have averted an explosion of coal dust, and to firing explosives in a dangerous and nonpermissive manner." Actually it was due to national apathy, which has tolerated weak and corrupt state enforcement of safety regulations in a naturally dangerous business. To blame Lewis or the UMW is as foolish as to blame Krug.

In many mines the profit margin of an operator is so slender that the temptation to cut corners by skimping on safety regulations is almost irresistible. The choice may be between skimping on safety and shutting the mine. This economic dilemma has been made worse by the success of the operators' lobbies in blocking effective federal enforcement of safety rules.

DISREGARDING Lewis' histrionics, his melodramatic "memorial" and "safety" work stoppages, his savage slashes at Krug, the country needs fed-

eral mine-safety enforcement. That means more money for the Federal Bureau of Mines from an economy-obsessed Congress. It means another step toward facing the unpleasant fact that coal mining is a sick industry, that its competitive position regarding other fuels grows progressively weaker, that the industry can no longer support as many people as it did 25 years ago.

WHO will pay the bill for mine safety? Well, so moderate a publisher as James M. Cox, once Democratic nominee for the presidency, suggested last year that coal mining must be set up under a public authority—a species of government ownership. If coal production is vital to our economy—so vital that mine strikes must be prohibited as a threat to the public welfare—even a free-enterprise Congress eventually will be forced to recognize that the public has a reciprocal obligation to the men who go down into the pits.

John L. Lewis, of course, is himself a free-enterprise man. He has been balked by the courts; he still faces the threat that, because of his "safety" strike, District Justice T. Alan Goldsborough will penalize the UMW the \$2,800,000 fine previously remitted, on a no-strike condition, by the Supreme Court. That would be an expensive price to pay for a weak gesture.

But if the gesture was futile and dangerous, the emotion which inspired it was genuine and far more important than the question of whether the public likes Lewis.

Lewis and the UMW have been browbeaten and fined; if they have to pay the full \$3,500,000, the cost will be equivalent to \$6 per miner. It is not even sure that Lewis can successfully call a coal strike July 1, when expiration of the Smith-Connally Act will end present government authority to operate the mines. Bills now in Congress would authorize the government to force at least another 80-day delay, by injunction, in a strike menacing the "national health and safety."

But public fascination with the personality of Lewis, with the old union leader's strength, ham acting and vindictiveness, is neither a sound policy for deciding coal's industrial relations nor a general national policy of industrial relations. In the long run coal cannot be mined either with bayonets or injunctions.

GRANTING that the government will not operate the mines permanently, a decent contract between the UMW and the private mine operators eventually will be necessary. The reality hidden behind the headlines is that, though Lewis is often tough and seemingly inconsiderate of the national welfare, so are the operators—particularly the hard-bitten gentlemen of the Southern producing group.

Except for the Southern operators' stubbornness last year, government seizure of the mines would have been unnecessary. The Southerners have always hated unionization; in the past they

fought the UMW with company police, labor spies and terror. The luxury of pinning Lewis' shoulders to the mat is not a solution for the problem President Truman finally must face: to make the Southern operators yield union terms equivalent to those accepted by operators elsewhere.

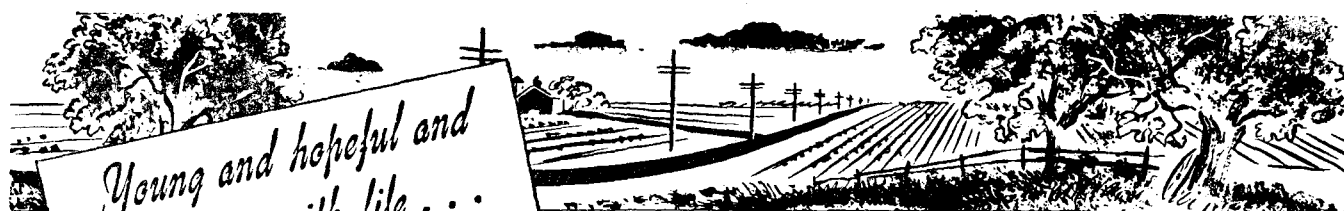
The Southern operators, by paying below-union wages, once disrupted both their Northern competitors and the UMW. Between 1909 and 1925, Northern-produced coal carried on the Great Lakes fell from 86 to 27 percent of the total. Southern competition in the twenties forced the Northern operators to obtain reductions and fight the union; by 1932 the UMW had only 150,000 dues-paying members and more than 80 percent of all coal produced came from non-union mines. When union mines cut their wages, Southern operators posted notices slashing scales still lower.

A return to these conditions would be intolerable, and Lewis knows it. It is not likely that he is disturbed

by editorial denunciations, which his pen pal, K. C. Adams, returns with good measure in the *UMW Journal*. Lewis will never realize his ambition to be president of a reunited CIO and AFL, but other union leaders have been compelled to support him because an attempt to run labor relations by injunction is a threat to all unions. Unions don't like labor injunctions. They don't like to see union-busting bills shooting through Congress. And though they are now relatively quiescent, they will take the offensive again when the time is ripe.

The Centralia disaster, because it occurred when public attention was focused upon coal-mining controversies, probably will speed up the improvement of safety regulations. And a new mine contract will be written with the operators. The alternative would be for the government to move toward real public ownership, and there is no sign of that in Truman's political heaven.

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Movies



Mostly Foreign

THE ADVENTURESS" is better than some of the other British efforts being shown around now, but considering the several excellent talents that were pooled to make it, it is a let-down. This doesn't mean that you will not be diverted, and about half of the time you will be very much pleased. Deborah Kerr ("Vacation from Marriage"), Trevor Howard ("Brief Encounter"), individual performances in minor roles (for instance, Albert Sharpe, now starring on Broadway in "Finian's Rainbow," plays a bit as a tavern keeper) plus the breath-taking countryside of Ireland, England and the Isle of Man, are enough to make "The Adventuress" a success. The picture—by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, who were responsible for the scripts of Alfred Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes" and Carol Reed's "Night Train"—is, for them, below average. But this writer-producer team is incapable of doing really uninteresting work.

The story concerns a girl from the far west, or violent, part of Ireland, brought up, as many still are, to loathe the English and to consider Oliver Cromwell the Devil Himself, still, after 300 years, responsible for all Irish suffering and bloodshed. Having devoured the tall, dark tales of her elders and with her heart in love with the Irish Republican Army, Bridie Quilty, on her twenty-first birthday, sets out for Dublin. She almost bites an Englishman on the train en route, and rushes to offer her services to Michael O'Callaghan. According to her tipsy father, he and O'Callaghan single-handed had held off the Black and Tans. Many glorious battles for the sacred honor of their green, wet isle did they fight, side by side, and Bridie thinks O'Callaghan can help her join what's left of the IRA. These first few scenes are charming.

But O'Callaghan, her hero, now gray, reasonable, sober and philosophical, runs the Irish National Gallery; where hang portraits of illustrious patriots. He

outrages Bridie by talking what seems yellow treachery and by introducing her to a cowardly method of settling differences constitutionally, and not by the breaking of heads. Bridie leaves in a huff and, like a real booby and to my shame, joins up with a Nazi spy to work for Germany. (She changes her mind later.)

There are some good scenes when the spy gives her some fancy directions about getting in touch with another agent on another train, and then dies in her room. She has to dispose of the body, and this she does in an imaginative way I won't disclose, and then skips off to deliver the papers. According to her instructions, someone in the compartment assigned to Bridie will ask to have the window opened, she'll turn over the little information she has, and her work will be done. This whole plan is fouled up by the police.

Even if you didn't see the Hitchcock railway-carriage movie (I get the impression from British films that the population spends most of its life on trains), the agent will be perfectly obvious to you. Trevor Howard, who both suspects Bridie and covets her for keeps, follows her around everywhere. There is a funny scene when a funeral procession is stopped at the border. Why the Nazis don't shoot the lovers at this getaway is one of the few genuine mysteries of "The Adventuress."

A CAGE OF NIGHTINGALES" ("La Cage aux Rossignols") is a slight, sensitive French movie produced throughout with tenderness and taste. It is the story of the redemption of a group of boys in what amounts to a reform school by a sympathetic teacher. He is justifiably scared of the little hellions, and partly because the punishments seem to him barbaric, partly in self-defense, he organizes a choir and finds the little toughs are interested and can sing like angels. An actor new to me, but definitely not to his trade, Noel-Noel, is co-author of the screen play and stars in it. He is humble, sincere and witty.

The boys are mostly from a musically gifted group called "The Little Singers of the Wooden Cross." There is little or no saccharine in the film, though it is frankly sentimental, and I hope it gets distribution beyond the usual key cities.

THE Swedish picture "Hets," now being shown here with English titles as "Torment," won the Grand Prix du Cinéma at the Cannes Film Festival in 1946. It is interesting and at times impressive, and what is puzzling in it is due, I think, to the cutting and editing it seems to have undergone at various times. As a character study it is too sketchy; as a scenario it is inconclusive and in the final sequences unsatisfactory, but it is worth seeing because it is made by mature artists for audiences that are, at least, of age. Directed by Alf Sjöberg, who has cast it with care and whose interiors are fascinating, it is the story of the suffering of three people whom circumstances have placed at the mercy of a sadistic, sick mind. One of the three is himself the man whose insecurity and fear drive him to hurt himself as well as those in his power. The boy and the girl, played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling, give sure and moving performances and the classroom scenes are good.

TIME OUT OF MIND" was made for Universal-International by Robert Siodmak who, as the ads put it, "gave you" a picture called "The Killers." Your money was not thrown away on that one, but unless you have to hide from someone for two hours, I do not recommend "Time out of Mind." This opus was written by Rachel Field, to whom "All This and Heaven, Too," is also credited, and has in it Phyllis Calvert and Robert Hutton. They are, as almost anyone would be in such an atmosphere of pious amateurishness, just embarrassing.

Ella Raines has given strong performances before this, but both she and Eddie Albert, who is cast in what might have been a good part, find themselves in a dull picture that is tough going. I kept thinking everyone was acting as if under twelve feet of water.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

Bandwagon

Quibble

General Mark W. Clark, US deputy, had pointed out that the Russians called several members of American Delegations "Fascist." Clark contended that "Nazi" was a much more exact term. — *AP dispatch from Moscow.*

Recipe

"Our factory does not make racial distinctions. Hiring and promotion are based on skill, not color, religion or nationality. Prejudice is not a problem. Our one Negro worker is a watchman. He works when the others are gone and therefore we have no trouble," a local industrialist pointed out. — *From the Hartford (Connecticut) Times.*

That All-Out Effort

A race to establish military outposts on Mars, using rockets with a velocity of 26,000 miles an hour to span the 40,000,000 miles from the earth, was forecast tonight by Major James R. Randolph. . . . An attack from Mars, he said, would afford "vastly greater opportunities for secrecy and surprise" than a sudden assault from earth against an enemy country. — *AP dispatch from Washington.*

Block That Textbook!

Referring to the division of sentiment here as to the importance of athletics in schools, Coach Eveland said the educational program should not interfere with the athletic program. — *From the Charleston (Illinois) Daily News.*

Live Dangerously

By and large, we here in America get the kind of government we want. The free man's life is a life of responsibility and hazard, and we do not want the kind of government that takes away the fear of failure and want from any individual living under it. — *Orlo M. Brees, lecturer and author, as quoted in the Canton (Ohio) Repository.*

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Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 16)

three ounces of butter, three of margarine, two and a half ounces of tea, two and a half pints of milk and 63 ounces of bread for each person per week. She gets one fresh egg for each member of her family on the average of once a week, and ekes out her meager ration of sugar and jam by canning, when this is possible. She gets two small bars of soap each month and one ounce each week of cooking fat per person.

I learned more of the problems of the housewife when I went with one of them to market; she had her ration book in one hand and her shopping basket in the other. All her purchases except vegetables, fruit, fish and coffee were rationed. The prices were very high, with the exception of those items which are subsidized. (Attlee told me the government is spending \$1.5 billion to keep food prices down; otherwise, the demand for higher wages would be irresistible.)

From the market we went to a store to buy kitchen utensils. Here everything was terribly expensive, 30 or 40 percent higher than at home.

The food question is one that is beyond the power of the government to solve completely, as this great industrial nation relies on overseas imports of food. If the shortage of dollars should reach a critical point, it could force such imports down to a disastrously low level and gravely endanger the position of the government. The food problem is clearly a part of the larger problem of Britain's foreign trade, which is at the heart of her economic future.

THE most severe criticism of the government has come from Labor Party economists, who fear a future crisis in foreign trade resulting from overdependence on the United States. These economists believe that Britain made a grave economic blunder, as well as a serious political commitment, when she accepted the American loan. They regard the loan as an ultimately useless "pain-killer," preventing a cure of the

fundamental illness, as well as a means of tying Britain to outworn concepts of multilateral trade agreements to which the United States clings. They point out that high tariffs cannot produce a high volume of world trade. Britain takes 42 percent of her imports from so-called "hard-currency" areas, but sends only 14 percent of her exports to these areas. The disparity particularly in relation to trade with the US is even worse.

They agree it was necessary for the government to get attractive imports from dollar areas in order to satisfy pent-up consumer demand, and also necessary to start a quick drive for exports. They feel, however, it would be much better to restrict exports at once, retool for more of them later, and rush exports now to the "soft-currency" areas as part of the development of trade with them. Such trade should be conducted, under bilateral agreements, with the British Commonwealth, the Near East, Africa and Eastern Europe. They recognize that this policy may be contrary to the spirit of internationalism of the Labor Government, but feel it may be unavoidable in the absence of full American cooperation.

Many government supporters told me that the only way out of present international economic difficulties is lower



London News Chronicle

prices on imported farm products, a reduction of American tariffs, acceptance by us of new trading methods and the rapid development of worldwide economic reconstruction through the International Bank and United Nations agencies. These are, of course, exactly my own views, and I was interested to hear them expounded to me with such emotion and such a wealth of facts.

Again and again I was deeply moved to hear men say: "America must understand her responsibilities. It was under her leadership that the agencies for the policies of One World, such as the International Bank, the International Fund, the Food and Agriculture Organization and the International Trade Organization were established. Every action we have taken and the whole basis of our acceptance of the American loan, was the assumption that America would promote the active expansion of these agencies. Now they are not used, and the cost to us of this policy is completely beyond our power to bear. We never thought we should be providing American dollars to Germany and other European countries on the ground that they could get these dollars in no other way."

If we are to have "two worlds," America must understand that the economic resources to keep Europe in a divided world are utterly beyond Europe's own power to provide. Unless there is help, it means revolutionary changes everywhere. In the absence of an effective use of United Nations economic agencies, neither Britain nor any European nation can keep going without far more effective American aid than is now in sight. The only alternative seen here is an immediate reorientation away from the spirit of the United Nations toward special arrangements between individual nations.

THIS realization of the economic penalties of a divided world is one reason for the growing revolt within the Labor Party against too close identification with the present conservative mood of the United States. The first sign came last autumn when 70 members of Parliament signed a resolution calling for greater independence from America and closer friendship with Russia. The revolt has again

been expressed on the conscription issue. It has been opposed by one group of old-line Socialists in the pacifist tradition, and by another in opposition to Bevin's foreign policy. A third group of young MP's has supported the government, believing conscription to be the only democratic means of recruiting the armed forces, but has insisted on lowering the length of conscription from 18 months to 12.

The influence of these groups in combination was sufficient to induce the government to accept the 12-month period; the effect is to leave an armed force adequate to the defense of Britain but to reduce greatly the number of men available for garrison duty overseas. This was what was intended; the group of young MP's feels that smaller overseas commitments are imperative. They also believe Britain's economic fight has its good side, in forcing a reorientation of foreign policy away from the present trend toward policing a vast area in the Near East. This group feels that smaller armed forces will compel Britain to rely on friendly support from other peoples, and therefore to adopt more progressive policies.

LONG before I arrived in Britain I believed the greatest danger to my country was the mistaken belief that large elements in other nations would blithely and blindly follow us in our developing foreign policy of bypassing the United Nations and using our material power to "win friends and influence people." If I am right, then America is in substantial danger of being isolated from the rest of the world by her present policies. I feel strongly that the welcome given me, the response at my public meetings, demonstrates I am right as far as Britain is concerned. I am convinced the only basis for continued coöperation between Labor Britain and America is coöperation with a United States which expresses positive faith in America's promise, in democracy in action. Between a Labor Britain on the march and a reactionary America relying on her wealth alone and living in fear, there is no basis for continued close coöperation in the modern world. To

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suggest that I aroused Britain against America is utterly ridiculous. It is the American reaction, the rash cries uttered by Americans about the inevitability of war, that causes Britain's retreat from friendship with an America many of whose policies she distrusts and fears. I felt a renewed hope in the possibility of coöperation with America among those of the British people with whom I have been in contact. I have repeatedly emphasized that I do not speak for any organized majority of the American people, in order to avoid unduly lifting British hopes.

IF I had failed to speak out in Britain today it would have been a betrayal of the best interests of the American people, their hope for peace. I welcome the fact that by speaking out I have forced an awareness in some of my fellow countrymen of the British concern regarding present American trends and their longing for a new emergence of a liberal spirit in the United States. I am delighted that by speaking out I have forced an increased discussion of the merits of the measures now proposed in my country. Our greatest danger is that a new American empire may be conceived in a spirit of indifference and fear. I feel it is now plain that an awareness of the crisis is reaching the consciousness of the American people. I have no fear of the outcome.

No problem arises when the military men and the Tories of various countries get together. But the Charter of the United Nations does not say "we, the Tories," or "we, the military men," or even "we, the governments." The Charter begins, "We the peoples of the United Nations determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war. . . ." Once the peoples are denied the right to communicate with each other, then the United Nations ceases to exist and war becomes certain.

At Fulton, Missouri, where Winston Churchill attacked the current policies of his country's government with the full approval of most of the American press, President Truman conferred on him the highest possible honor. In introducing Churchill, Truman called him "that great world citizen." I agree with

Truman that world citizenship is the great objective of our lives. What is the meaning of world citizenship if not the right of the individual to treat all people with equal respect, in regard to the freedom to be informed on the basic international issues of peace and war? Now men close to this professed internationalist express shock at this idea, and expose their own narrow nationalism instead. America is too great a country to bow before such prejudices.

I have said that only a state of war could justifiably prevent my speaking out. Some people reply in effect that a state of war does exist, saying, as does *Life*, that the Third World War has already begun. I shall continue to fight this cowardly and fatal assumption as I would fight a covenant with Hell. The constitution of UNESCO, signed in America, says in its preamble: "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed; ignorance of each other's ways and lives has been a common cause, throughout the history of mankind, of that suspicion and mistrust between the peoples of the world through which their differences have all too often broken into war." I leave it to the reader to say who is disloyal to this ideal, I or those who attack me.

WARS do start in the minds of men, and those in whose minds war exists today threaten the lives and homes of Americans. The word "war" is a very simple one: only three little letters. It is easy to mouth this little word in the comfort of an editor's armchair 3,000 miles from the probable battlefronts. On this trip to Britain I have seen what these three little letters can mean in the lives of people. I have seen the ruins caused by the bombing; I have talked with scores whose sons were killed on the battlefield and with others whose sons were missing in action, who hope that somewhere, somehow, they are still alive and will return. I have seen the terrible, unforgettable scars on two eight-year-old children in the playground at Freckleton. With these memories, I can do no other than to go on fighting for peace until the end of my days.

H. W.

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Letter of the Week

(Continued from page 3)

one of technique combined with sheer, straightforward honesty. He also did us the service of showing what hopes are set by millions of people all over the world in the success of our great Socialist experiment.

Sometimes we have felt . . . that he did less than justice to the great changes we had initiated here. If that were ever so, if he did underrate them, the situation is changed now. He tells us plainly of the power we have in the world—power to start great projects, power to command our own destiny, power to provide an example to other nations, power to check the drift toward a new catastrophe. . . .

DESPITE the international difficulties, Britain has, as Wallace says, acted with courage and imagination to meet the needs of a world in turmoil. In the Far East, nothing stops us from going ahead with our plans in India and Burma. Should we not therefore have made a similar effort in the Middle East? Thus Wallace poses for us the paramount challenge of our foreign policy: are we to act as a great liberating and crusading power, abjuring exclusive alliance with either the United States or the Soviet Union, but confident that we can assist in bringing new hope to stricken peoples everywhere and in preventing the fatal division of the world into two hostile blocs?

Are we to do that, or are we to accept the message of Churchill's speeches that Britain must in effect abandon her role as an independent power and seek shelter in America's shadow?

That question goes to the root not only of our foreign but also of our domestic policy. The fight for production at home cannot be divorced from the fight for peace abroad.

Thanks to Wallace, we shall all go about our duties with a better will and a braver hope.

London

MICHAEL FOOT, MP

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